



gouss
Thomas Higginson
Wartleek Hill
Ontario

T.

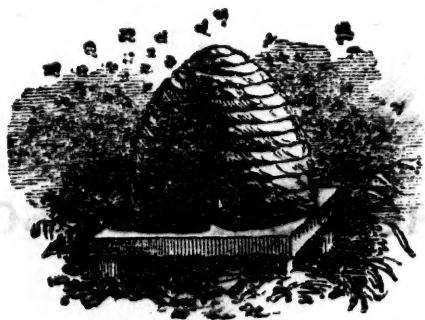
THE
POETICAL & WORKS

OF
THOMAS HIGGINSON.



VANKLEEK HILL:
A. W. OTTO, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

1888.



INTRODUCTION.

Vankleek Hill, 5th February, 1880:—The following was written by Wm. Higginson, at the dictation of his father, Thomas Higginson, (who was too blind to write for himself,) who was born at Cairncastle, Co. Antrim, 9th January, 1794, and died at Vankleek Hill, 22nd January, 1884.

Bra John O'Bute, a bonny muckle man!

Fra Scotland he came, wi' his broad Sword in his hand;

He came at the head o' a bra, bonny Clan:—

Wha the deil could his muckle—muckle suit withstand.

He look'd sa neat, and he kissed sa sweet,

That a dame o' renown soon gave ear to his suit;

And his pipe he lugged out, and ye need'na doubt,

But in concert he played with his German flute.

THOMAS HIGGINSON, the youngest of four brothers, came from Cairncastle, townland of Corkermain, County Antrim, Ireland, and settled in Hawkesbury in 1819. Son of Boyd Higginson of the above named place, and grand son of Thomas Higginson, clerk, for sometime rector of Larne, and, for the remainder of his life incumbent of the Parish of Cairncastle, who died, and is buried there. In early manhood he married Mary Boyd, daughter of Archibald Boyd, the ancestor of the present squire Boyd family of Bally Castle, who preached Gaelic to his Presbyterian congregation of Bally Castle. He, the said Archibald Boyd, married Marion Stuart, who would smooth down her apron, and adjust her mutch on her head and boast in broken English, that she was related to a' the Stuart o' Bute.

(Sir) Francis Hincks, when editor of the *Montreal Pilot*, about 1843, nicknamed (Sir) James Macaulay Higginson, private secretary to Lord Metcalfe, "Lord Bute," knowing that the Boyds and Macaulays had intermarried, and that their loyalty was not to be shaken.

At the time of Thomas Higginson's marriage with Mary Boyd, her father owned and worked the coalpits of Bally Castle, and offered him a ton of coals every year, if he would send a boat for them, which he did for a number of years.

The above named Boyd Higginson married Jane Crawford, daughter of Wm. Crawford and Mary Young; said Mary Young, daughter of Jane Douglas. Samuel Gordon married Jane Young, sister of Mary Young, and James G. Higginson was named James Gordon for Alex. Gordon of Broad Island (Island Magee). who was a large farmer and kept race horses. It was the boast of the family of Higginson, that, at all times ready to fight for Ireland, there was not a drop of Irish blood in them.





FUGITIVE PIECES

BY

THOMAS HIGGINSON.

By hill and grove, by tow'r and tree,
A Harp, the structure all my own,
I strung with much simplicity,
And prized her sorrow-soothing tone.
No higher meed my fancy sought,
Her wild-wood notes alone I lov'd;
I swept the chords with hands untaught,
And lived unnoticed, unproved.



OF rural scenes, whether by hill or vale,
Remote from cities, where the peasant leads
A simple life, and from the stubborn soil
Extorts a livelihood; or on the hills,
Watches his flock and tunes his oaten reed,
In sweet forgetfulness of human cares,
Sing, my unletter'd Muse. And (O) ye pow'rs,
Who light the peasant's unambitious path
With joy, and gild his homely destinies
With hopes congenial to his rugged heart,
Guide ye my unskilful hand among the chords
Of nature's unadorned, harmonious lyre:
Direct my steps to those delightful springs,
Where he who sang earth's varied seasons drank



Rapture and inspiration—drank, and poured
A song of wondrous melody; and touch'd
The lyre with master hand, portraying scenes
That often lie conceal'd from fancy's eye,
Beneath the apparent garb of suffering want,
Of ignorance, of penury and ills,
Forbidding, uncongenial to the muse.
Of all the varied scenes of varied life,
From the proud palace with its gilded tow'rs,
And ample wings, and corniced gay saloons,
And trellis'd walks, and wide expanding lawns,
And flattering lackeys, and fastidious lords,
From grandeur's attic seats, down, through her grades
Diversified, to the rude peasant hut,
That seems to hang upon the lone hill side;
Like eagle's eyry on the desert cliff.
Still—still to me the cottage haunts are dear:
Dear are her walks, fast by the greenwood side,
In shaded vale, where the sequestered thorn,
By ancient superstition sacred held,
Bends o'er the warbling brook; and dear those joys
That gather round the peasant's humble hearth,
And many gather there, lighting the cheek
Of unassuming innocence with smiles,
And pouring beams of cheerfulness and peace
Upon the hoary brow of barren age.
And fair her fields by industry reclaimed
From barren wastes, and rendered to the wants
Of man subservient—yielding to his toil,
Incessantly pursued, a solace sweet,
And to his hopes of unextensive range
A happy promise of a rich reward.

—To me at least those rural scenes are fair!
And never have I seen the cultured field,
Well fenced, and snug and carefully secured
From every vagrant foot that freely roams
The common, or the heathy mountains side,
But I have traced the modest lineaments
Of rural beauty there ; nor have I seen
The cottage garden with its cabbage plot,
And bush of sweetbriar, and its narrow bed
Of balm, and mint, and sweetly sented thyme,
And rude constructed stile, but I have thought
That here the heart might feel as rich a glow
Of gratitude to him who bade them spring
And bloom—the comfort of the peasant's home.—
As where the fair exotic rears its head,
And shines the glory of the gay parterre.
These, and a thousand prospects fair as these,
Common in rural scenes, lead me to this
Conclusion:—If a smile of happiness
Yet beams on earth, 'tis here, and only here,
It sheds its sweetest influence ; 'tis here,
If happiness there is, and only here,
She loves to hold her unassuming court.
Here innocence and her twin sister peace
Have reared their sylvan home, and bade the hind,
Though limited in knowledge, come and taste,
The fruits collected by their spotless hands.
There man with all his failings, all his worth,
Appears unmask'd ; his love—his simple grief—
His friendship and his hate—his hope—his joy
Domestic—and his gay convivial hours
Receive no varnish, seek no borrow'd light,

But like the face of heaven, or foul or fair,
Above disguise appear just as they are.

There is a sweetness in the morning air!
There is a freshness in the morning breeze!
There is a drowsy stillness on the clouds
That hang upon the dewy fields when night
Has just receded; when the purple dawn
Is spreading slowly o'er the shadowy hills
Her infant beams of light, nature, refresh'd,
Hails her approach: the birds with songs of joy
Welcome her steps; the beasts from grassy couch
Rising, salute her as she ushers in
The glorious day. Fair is the prospect then
From mountain top, where plough has never come,
Nor spade disturb'd the slumbers of the soil;
The heath-flow'r there breaths fragrance, and the bell,
Fav'rite of Scotia, rising from her bed
Of feath'ry moss, on slender graceful stem,
Hangs o'er the rude gray stone her gorgeous head;
The linnet there, among the golden furze,
Builds her snug nest, and pours her song of love,
Harmonious on the morning's dewy ear.
In such a scene as this the mind finds much
To make reflection, and the ear finds much
Of nature's melody to feast upon; and much
Of nature's handiwork appears around,
To satisfy the roving of the eye.
Over the sombre heath or misty hills,
In morning's hazy livery thinly clad,
—Or down the vale, studded with cots and trees,
And verdant hillocks, cultivated fields,

And flock recumbent, hedgerows thick and green,
Marking the bounds of meadow, field and farm—
Delighted vision wanders, pleased to catch
A glimpse of objects (through the vapid mist),
Now magnified to twice their usual size,
And rendered novel by the floating haze,
That part conceals, and leaves a part display'd
Of brighter outline. In the distance peers
The village, with its whitewash'd, happy homes,
And humble spire glistening above the trees,
Like beacon to the weary seaman's eye,
Guiding to haven safe his shatter'd bark,
By warring elements assailed no more;
And close at hand appears the turbid lake,
Studded with many a lone and rushy isle,
(The wild duck's home), and many a bay and gulf,
And mimic headland, changed by fancy's power,
To oceans vast, and continents, and seas:
These, and a thousand objects fair as these,
Scattered around, enchant the roving eye,
And fill the soul with rapture:—thus the bee
Collects from flow'r to flow'r her luscious store,
And feasts at will on nature's fairest things.

Why do we love the mountain walk? sublime,
Of prospect large, Why love to wander there
In dreary wilds, while scenes admired, below'd,
Lie far beneath, snug in the shelter'd vale?
In part, the love of novelty provokes
Our meditative wanderings; but chief,
The immortal mind still seeks to rise above
Its earthly prison house, still seeks to roam

In regions unexplored, where objects new
Its rising hopes attract; hence springs the thirst
Of novelty—the anxious love of fame—
The eager reaching after worldly goods—
The mad pursuit of honor—and the strife
Of carnal men in chase of carnal things :
And hence too springs the ardent prayer of some
(Whose hopes are bound in better promises
Than earthly things afford) to find a home,
Perfect and pure, beyond the reach of sin,
Unending—undecaying in the skies.
'Tis vain to look for any real joy
In honor, wealth or fame; no solid peace,
Was ever found in things terrestrial yet;
The soul though wedded to her house of clay,
And sunk in sin, still seeks a purer stream
To drink of, than the turgid floods of sense;
And happiest he who, sheltered in a cot,
And clothed in rags, who seeks it where it is,
Sure of success, in heaven's approving smile.

'Tis said that he who cultivates the fields
Of other men is nothing less than slave.
This may be true in principle; yet I
Know one, who labour'd on another's fields,
Who was himself a freeman. In a vale,
Sequester'd far among the past'ral hills,
His cottage stood; an aged willow tree
Flung her elastic branches o'er its roof,
And lent a friendly shelter from the storm;
In front, a green of limited extent
Stretched forward to a brook, whose warbling song
Ceased not its plaintive murmurings: in the rear,

A few well cultivated acres raised
His bread, and occupied his daily care ;
Up the hill side, his fleecy sheep, his kine,
(A scanty flock) had liberty to range,
And pick their stinted morsel,—for his fields,
His meadow, even his garden plot, had need
To yield their utmost produce to support
A growing family, and meet demands ;
Heavy indeed, extorted from his toil
By hearts unfeeling—reckless of his wants.
He first,—the manor's lord, by custom call'd
A noble, and by simple ones believed
Of race superior, (tho' his daily walk
Of sin and wild extravagance bespeak
A meaner origin—a baser end—
Than even the veriest peasant of the vale)—
He claims the better half of all the fruits
Those fields produce, and ever proves his claim
Incontrovertible by sales,—arrest,
When after term-day rent remains unpaid.

The clergy next, a rural Muse like mine
Had need to touch with caution, or a name
So sacred as the clergy, sacred indeed
In Paul's and Peter's days, tho' better paid
Than Paul and Peter were. The clergy now,
A race of well-dressed, fashionable men,
Polite and liberal, deep learned and gay,
Never intruding on the poor man's walk
Save when the tithe is due—the clergy then,
For their herculean task of winning souls,
—With what success we need not now enquire—

Assert their lawful tenth; and hirelings send
 To claim his shocks, and sheaves, and ricks of hay :
 Thus were his labours and his acres tax'd
 Up to their utmost stretch, nor could the hand
 Of unremitting industry do more.
 Economy stood by and counsel gave,
 Even in the meanest things, yet all her love
 But served to bring the tardy year around ;
 Clothed, fed, and out of debt, yet strange it was,
 To all appearance strange, the passing year
 Still found him cheerful, found him thankful too :
 Judging aright, the God he loved to serve
 Knew best what was sufficient for his day
 Of earthly sojourn. Thus, whate'er he had,
 Whether a competence o'erspread his board,
 Or stinted circumstance with frugal hand
 Withheld of food, of raiment, or of rest,
 A needful portion—still he felt, still said :
 "Father, Thy will be done !—thy gracious will,
 Replete with mercy to thy fallen race,
 On me be realized ; producing fruits,
 Native in those fair climes where want or woe,
 Despondence, toil, forgetfulness or sin,
 Shall never haunt the happy spirit more !"

This was a freeman, for the sacred truth
 Had made him free—free from the slavish love
 Of earth's decaying things—free from the dread
 Of hunger, peril, nakedness, and death—
 Free from the curse denounced against the soul
 That sinneth, (tho' he too committed sins,
 Not willingly : yet he was rendered free
 By One who lived on earth, but never sinn'd)—

And he was free to trust his soul's concerns
 On God's eternal promises—and free
 To call the glorious Majesty of heaven
 His Father—and with unpresumptive faith,
 Free to look upward to a heritage,
 His, sealed by covenant and grace divine.

Sweet is the soul's communion with its God !
 —A God revealed—communion the result
 Of faith, the credence of his gracious will
 And purposes respecting guilty man :
 These, once embraced, inspire the soul tho' weak,
 And helpless, and forlorn, and destitute,
 (Its weakness known inspires the soul the more)
 To cleave to One whose arm's omnipotence,
 Whose ear is open to the wretch's cry,
 Whose tender mercy's over all his works,
 Whose promises are verity, whose love
 Is boundless as the ocean. O, 'tis sweet !
 —Sweeter than water to the thirsty lip,
 Than light is to the eye, or to the ear
 The voice of consolation ; more desired
 Than rest is to the traveller far astray,
 Floundering beneath the murky brow of night !
 —Sweet in the morning walk, or busy field,
 In public haunts, or far from man retired,
 Deep in the lone sequestered vale of life,
 To have a friend like this to lead our feet
 Aside from error's path, to hear our prayers,
 Tho' ill expressed : the breathing of a soul,
 Deeply dependent on His providence,
 And trusting to His strength for strength to run

Her mortal race with patience and with joy ;
Contending for an everlasting prize,
The conquest certain, when hope's cheering mount
Shall lie beneath her feet, and close before,
The turgid waves of death roll sluggish by,
Forming an easy passage to the realms
Of never ending bliss, whose hills and dales,
Pure streams, and fragrant flow'rs, and luscious fruits,
Delectable, the glad horizon skirt
Of overlasting and eternal things !

O, that the children of earth's peopled vales,
The peasantry in whom consists the strength,
The riches, and the power of every land—
O, that they'd raise a song of grateful praise,
Unanimous !



LINES HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE
LITERARY CHARACTERS OF THE HILL.



THIS is the age of rhyme, and this,
The place where rhymers congregate,
Where lovers eulogize a kiss,
And bullies vent in verse their hate.

Where joiners use poetic feet,
And tapsters Helicon unlock ;
And smiths raise verbs to welding heats,
And maids work pastorals on their sm-frocks.

Where tailors in heroics deal,
And gardeners rhymes and rosebuds
scatter ;
And matrons, with acknowledged zeal,
Drink—smack their lips—and sing of water.

The miller from his dusty pate
Bolts rhymes, nor asks one ounce of toll ;
While cobblers, on Parnassian seats,
Labor to give their works a soul.

E'en solemn parsons woo the Muse,
And Cowper quote with deep devotion ;
And doctors dialectics use :
Their wit a pill, their theme a lotion.

16 TO THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE HILL.

Some write their prayers in dogg'el rhyme,
Like vampires some your fame will fix on ;
And some who cannot make it chime,
Write horrid prose for printer Dixon.

Pamphlets are cheap, you may divine,
Since poetasters are so plenty ;
The muses formerly were nine
But now I'm sure they're nine-and-twenty.

—+—+—+—+—+—+—+—+—+—
"Even I for once, produced some verses,
And signed my odes despairing, 'Thyrse.' "
—Byron.



HILL.

yme,
x on;

enty.

rses.'"

—Byron.

TO SOLITUDE.

"Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me:
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops."—Pollock.

 HERE the voice of echo sleeps,
By lonely dell and cavern'd steep;
Where the fountain strays unseen,
Beneath her banks of purest green;
Where the bee collects her fill
Of honey, on the past'ral hill;
Where the lapwing builds her nest,
Where the wild duck's snowy breast
Glances on the mountain stream,
Like summer's fairest, brightest beam;
Whither,—thither let me stray,
Musing o'er life's fleeting day;
Tracing joys and sorrows o'er,
Sunshine moments bright no more,
The prospect dark, the faithless smiles,
That wins, and then the heart beguil;
And cast a sad, a sombre shade
O'er all the works that hope had made.

By some hoary, moss-clad rock,
Lonely, where the mountain flock
Seeks a cool, a calm retreat
From the raging day-star's heat;
There upon a hillock green,
Where the wildflowers blossom sheen;

Far removed from human toils,
Let me drink of nature's smiles;
And in sober, pensive mood,
Woo thee, lovely Solitude!

Or, where the heathcock pours his song,
Far the echoing hills among,
By dreary wilds, and distant plains,
Only known to wandering swains;
There, in some sequestered dell,
Where the leveret loves to dwell,
I will meet thee, lovely maid,
In nature's vestal robes arrayed:
With cheek sedate, and eye sublime,
That views unmoved the works of time;
With foot unshod, that often laves
The reedy lake's untroubled waves;
With stately step, reserved, yet free,
The same throughout eternity:
Thy zone, the mossy wandering stream,
Glancing to the solar beam;
And on thy mantle figures bland,
Pencill'd by a master hand,—
Nature's children, dells and rocks,
Floods and shepherds, swains and flocks,
Winding valleys, misty hills,
Wastes, and woods, and fens and rills;
And on thy yet unbraided hair,
A wreath of wildflowers, blooming fair.

All the flow'r that near me rise,
Every gale that round me sighs,
Every fall the fountain makes,

Every note the linnet wakes,
 Every lamb bleat, every bee,
 Humming her moorland minstrelsy—
 From thy turf-built altars rise,
 Nature's cheerful sacrifice;
 And claim, (with artless notes) from me,
 Heartfelt homage, nymph, to thee.

Oh! with thee I'd love to wander
 By the lonely sheep-cot yonder,
 Drinking from thy peerless eye
 Raptures pure as seraph's sigh,
 Till fancy rouses from her sleep,
 And waves o'er lake, and wood, and steep,
 Her wondrous wand, whence beauty springs,
 Muttering unutterable things.
 May I then, when sorrows press
 Chill on life's dull wretchedness,
 Find some great, some friendly shade,
 Sacred to thee, by nature made;
 Where I may sit and converse hold
 With bards, whose sounding harps of old,
 By wood and grove, by tow'r and tree,
 Pour'd wild their magic minstrelsy:
 And demons* own'd their conquering sway,
 And spread their wings, and urged their flight
 Back to their homes, the realms of night.

But chief the bard whose numbers roll'd
 O'er many a wondrous theme untold,
 Themes hidden from the vulgar eye,

* "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."—1 Sam. xvi, 23.

In thy dark womb, futurity—
He chief, of all the minstrel train,
On Hebron's mount, on Bethlehem's plain,
Swept with seraphic hand the wire,
And tuned to praise a shepherd's lyre;
And trod the mount of sacred song,
Sublime the flickering clouds among;
And swept the realms of rapture o'er,
Where angels wonder and adore;
And sang a Saviour's glorious name
In tones that mock the voice of fame;
And shed on many a heart a bliss,
Unfrequent in a world like this—
He chief, my converse shall engage,
And I shall trace his glowing page,
And with the echo of his song,
Travel the realms of light among:
By wood and grove, by tow'r and tree,
Where'er thy favorite haunts may be,
May I to those haunts repair,
And drink his happy spirit there,
And in his bright example find
A solace for a wounded mind;
Whether when Phosphor hails the dawn,
And pours upon the dewy lawn
A trembling beam, a bashful ray,
The harbinger of coming day;
Or, Phœbus in his bold career
Rides high among the glowing spheres;
Or, Vesper with his feeble light
Welcome, the silent steps of night;
Whether at morn, or noon, or eve,

The toiling haunts of men I leave,
And over hillock, rock, and stone,
Haste to thy silent walk alone ;—
Those much loved walks shall dearer be,
And every wood, stream, rock, and tree,
A deeper, stronger charm shall wear,
If I can catch his spirit there ;
And life's corroding care shall cease,
And leave my weary heart at peace.

“O solitude, romantic maid !”
Through life's lone vale where'er I strayed
Thy ruined towns, serene and still,
Thy heath-encircled, sunny hill,
Thy lakes, and streams, and cavern'd rocks,
Home of the falcon and the fox,
Have ever had a spell, a pow'r,
To sooth me in my saddest hour ;
Still rouse a flow of deepest feeling,
Like shadows o'er the mountains stealing ;
Still wake my fancy's strongest tone,
And hold affections still their own.



MEDIOCRITY.

"And them that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not, and them that weep as though they wept not."—Paul.

WHEN ev'ning's ling'ring, red-tinged clouds
Hung o'er the western hill,
In pensive mood I wandered forth
Beside a warbling rill.
Calm was the scene, and light the dew
Fell on the closing flowers;
And here the cottage rose to view,
And there the lordling's tow'rs.

Ah! why has partial heaven, I cried,
Such varied lots assigned?
Why doth the lordling roll in wealth,
In want the lab'ring hind?
One drinks the sad, the baleful cup
Of penury and scorn;
One riots in excess of joy,
Nor ever knew to mourn.

When lo! a hoary-headed sage
O'erheard me on my way;—
"Hush! hush!" he cried, "for passion leads
Thy youthful thoughts astray;
Impartial heaven bestows on each
Enough to serve his turn:
Why, then, in fleeting riches trust,
Or poor, why should we mourn?"

MEDIOCRITY.

"Know this : the man that looks for bliss
On earth shall be deceived,
And he who meditates the plan
Of fate shall seldom grieve;
Life is not crown'd with lasting joy,
Else still to earth we'd turn;
Nor is it sealed with sorrows such
That man should always mourn."

"Pursue the middle path, my son,
For sunshine ; hope may tell
Of joys, whence joys are never found.
And peace may spring from ill ;
Then let not care depress thy heart,
(As one of woman born),
Thou hast but little cause to smile,
Yet less hast thou to mourn."

"Placed on life's tide with trials fraught,
Some thoughtless steer their way ;
They dream of bliss, but vision-like,
Their bliss soon fades away :
And some, sad case, (where gratitude
With thankful love would burn),
Declare the Lord of all unjust,
And loud complaining mourn."

"Oh ! sad effect of guilt and sin,
The heart's polluted stream
Still flows to earth, and hates the light
That pours from mercy's beam :
We deem not this the fatal cause
By which our peace is torn,

But sad, desponding, say that man,
Poor man, was made to mourn."

"But if the day-star from on high
Direct our weary feet,
Peace shall illume our heavenward path,
Nor leave us cause to weep,
Save when we see the giddy crowd
By disappointment worn,—
Even then, the heaven directed heart
May heave a sigh and mourn."

"Now mark the tenor of my tale,
If truth our steps approve,
We'll place our cares—our hopes—our joys—
All earthly things above ;
Yet still we'll feel our earth-born hearts
By struggling passions torn ;
Why then should man exulting smile,
Or why should mortals mourn ?"

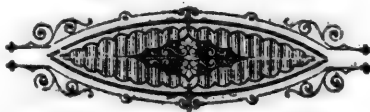
"As on life's devious path you wend,
If by misfortune prest ;
Remember life is short, and death
Shall shortly give you rest.
If hard, hard fate should be thy lot,
Say, 'Heaven, thy will be borne ;
I'd kiss thy kind, correcting rod,
But never shall I mourn.'"

"Or if on life's exulting streams
A gentler course be thine,
Remember still the mighty debt
You owe to grace divine ;

Think how thy Maker's piercing eye
Beholds a mortal's worth ;
Then, in debased humility,
Suppress all idle mirth."

"And O! while here a sojourner,
Be this thy object still :
To act the part by Heaven assigned,
Thy great Creator's will.
Soon shall our comforts flee away,
Like shadows of the morn ;
And ills, and woes, shall fleet like they,—
Then why should mortals mourn ?"

He ceased ; and to my humble mind
His chastening accents flew ;
I saw the changed scenes of life
Placed broad before my view ;
Vain seemed those joys—as meteor gleams
To which our fancies turn ;
And vain alike those earthly cares,
Which thousands cause to mourn.



THE CLOSE OF LIFE.



 SEPTEMBER rules with awful pow'r,
Among the groaning trees ;
And sweeps from every stem the flow'r—
From every spray its leaves.

Dark, dark the cloud, capp'd hills appear,
In mourning weeds the vales ;
No music meets the wanderer's ear,
Save *redbreast's plaintive tales.

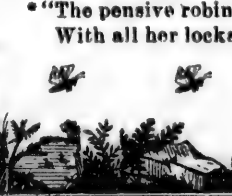
Meet semblance of the close of life,
When all our toils are o'er ;
And earthly cares, and earthly
joys

Possess our thoughts no more.

Then may some voice (like redbreast's tales)
Arrest our anxious ear ;
And to the rack'd and weary soul
These strains of comfort bear :

"Well done, thou good and faithful soul,
Belov'd, approved of heaven !
Thy faith in Christ has made thee whole,
Thy sins are all forgiven."

* "The pensive robin, autumn's cheer,
With all her locks so yellow."—Burns.





OW night has spread her curtains round,
And the weary world is still ;
And the air is hush'd, and scarce a sound
Passes o'er dale or hill.



The moon rises through the fleecy rack,
No longer tempest-driven ;
Pouring fresh light on her silvery track,
Greeting each star that welcomes her back
To her peerless throne in heaven.

The beasts, the birds, have gone to rest ;
The zephyr on the hill
Is hush'd : the bee has made her nest,
On some fair lily's shining breast,
In nature's brightest garments drest,
And there she sleeps her fill.

Then why do I, with hung'ring strife,
Thus hasten o'er the lea ?
Because, behind yon hill, a wife
Has trimmed a fire for me ;

And soothes my children's eager haste
With tales, to childhood sweet,
Whispering of floods, of forests past,

Of much-loved footsteps hurrying fast
Their fond embrace to meet.

Even now my fancy runs before :
I see the cot, I see the door,
I see the frugal board,
Neat spread ;—the chair that's placed for me,
The infant on a mother's knee,
And rising hopes and thoughts I see,
And looks with kindness stored.

I see at my humble door
A friend—my Tray—a friend who bore,
In all my wants a share ;
Yet still a friend, his welcoming voice
Rouses that parent-soothing noise
Of sunny girls and ardent boys,
Who cry, "My father's there !"

Sweet o'er these uplands floats the summer breeze,
Kissing the flow'rs that on its green path lie ;
Fair are those flow'rs whose sunlit bosoms heave
With balmy sighs of perfect melody.

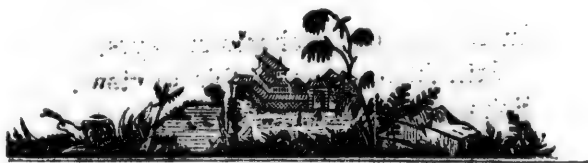
But sweeter far, those little lips that press
My weary cheek, and soothe my frequent toil ;
And fairer far, those sunny eyes that bless
My humble mansion with a constant smile.

And the low'ring storm, and the beating blast,
And poverty's leaden brow,
May frown on the present, and mock at the past,
And cold neglect shall vainly waste
Her shafts on my feelings now.

For an altar was rear'd on this hearth of mine,
And lit by an angel's hand ;
Where the light of domestic comfort shines,
Illumes our lone path through this dark world's
And guides to a fairer land ! [climes,

Where the souls that beam through these sunny eyes
Shall mingle no more to serve ;
Shall enjoy with the just, and the good, and the wise,
An enduring home in yon starry skies,
For ever and forever.

Now, tho' the fates ordained these feet
Should wilds and forests roam ;
Yet here they form'd my last retreat,
Where love, and peace, and comforts meet,
And shed a halo, calm and sweet,
Around my cottage home.



ON
A REVIEW OF THE OPERATIONS
OF THE
BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.



 S some bright star in distant skies
On lifeless orbs sheds glory round,
While joy and beauty prostrate lies,
In night's dull, frigid fetters bound ;

So shined our star of gospel light,
Till years and ages roll'd away ;
Unseen in superstition's night,
Unfelt in error's sunless day.

But now the clouds break off apace,
That clothed our world in sombre shade ;
The morn of joy, the light of grace,
The realms of moral night invade.

Increasing lustre cheers our eyes,
Still fairer scenes unfold to view ;
Behold the Sun of glory rise,
Behold His sky of cloudless blue.

His morn, fast verging into day,
Pours on the world a flood of light ;
Drives moral darkness far away,
And melts the fogs of mental night.

Bright in His train, love, joy, and peace,
Pursue His consecrated way ;
Truth bids the work of death to cease,
Truth turns the wanderer, far astray ;

Points him to mansions in the sky,
A house beyond the solar road ;
Touches his heart, his ear, his eye,
And shows him who and what is God.

Roll on thy course, celestial flame,
Bright o'er our world thy banners wave ;
Spread far and wide Emmanuel's name,
And show His will, His power to save.

Subdue the savage tribes of men,
From Greenland to the Southern pole ;
Display salvation's glorious plan,
And shine, the light of every soul.

Conquering, and on to conquer go
In love and mercy's bright array ;
Till every heart with rapturous flow,
Echoes thy never ending sway.

Then shall the ransomed with a song
The hallowed courts of Zion tread ;
And Israel's outcasts join the throng,
With full fruition on their head.



THE MOURNER.

TH E night was gathering on the hill
With low'ring aspect sad;
The cold winds raved, the woods appear'd
In sable mourning clad.

The sky was wrapp'd in murky clouds,
The rude waves lash'd the shore;
And sorrowing nature seem'd to feel
A pang unfelt before.

Ev'n then a ruin'd female pour'd
Her sorrows on the gale;
And moaning night winds to my ear
Convey'd the plaintive tale:

"Henry, when first you won my heart,
A heart then free from guile,
I little thought deceit was hid
Beneath thy specious smile."

"And when you vow'd that for my sake
All else you would forego,
I thought that truth had form'd the words,
And rapture bade them flow;"

"And when you call'd on heaven and swore
Your steadfast love was mine,
Could I, poor unsuspecting maid,
Conceive thy base design?"

"Your feign'd esteem I felt sincere;
To each false sigh you heav'd,
My heart replied, but, ah ! too late
I found I was deceived."

"And now a wanderer, lost, forlorn,
I'm on the rude world driven ;
You robb'd me of my peace on earth,
And all my hopes of heaven."

"Yea more, my father's mourn'd my shame,
Till death forbade his woe ;
And now he tastes those joys that I,
Poor wretch, shall never know."

"Within this cold unfeeling world,
Ah ! how shall I sustain
The inward pang, the scoff of pride,
The smile of cold disdain ?"

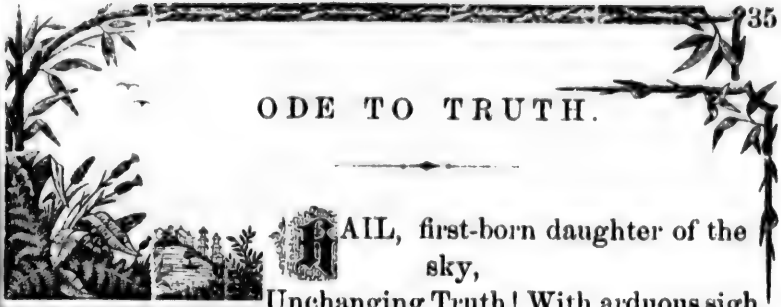
"Henry, I'm humbled to the dust,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt by thee ;
And want, and care, and shame, and woe,
My certain destiny."

She paused ; a deep, a heavy sigh,
Groaned on the passing wind ;
I turn'd, and felt this ardent wish,
Deep, graven on my mind :

May I, if e'er I act so base
A part to womankind,
Be lost to every social joy
That cheers the human mind ;

And may the bolts of angry heaven
Red on my soul be hurl'd ;
Remorse, my only friend on earth,
And hell, my future world.





ODE TO TRUTH.

TAIL, first-born daughter of the
sky,
Unchanging Truth! With arduous sigh

I woo thy sacred smiles;
But in what vale remote may I
Meet the mild lustre of thine eye,
That meed for all my toils.

In palace gay, or lonely shade,
Say, dost thou choose, delightful maid,
To breathe thy simple tale?
In courts and concerts art thou seen,
Or where the wildflowers blossom sheen,
Deep in the sheltered vale?

'Tis thou that in the lowly shed
Direct'st the infant foot to tread
Religion's sacred way;
Guard'st from deceit the youthful soul,
And bids its hopes, its wishes roll
To scenes of endless day.

Sweet maid, one boon I crave of thee:
Whene'er my devious steps you see
The verge of error near,
O, do thou point the better way,
And let me hear thee whispering say,
"This is the path, walk here!"

Then shall I learn unmov'd to tread
Those paths where specious ills are spread
To lead my feet astray ;
And when I yield my latest breath,
Thy smiles shall blunt the shafts of death,
And waft my soul to-Day.



THE IRISH EMIGRANT TO HIS LOVER.

MY mountain maid, come, let us hasten away,
 Let us flee to a happier land ;
 Where the flow'rs of the West wear their brightest
 array,
 And would smile to be cull'd by thy hand.

Ah! mourn not, though Erin should fade from thy view,
 As we stretch o'er the dark, rolling tide ;
 For sad are her high, swelling mountains of blue,
 The home of my long-promised bride.

And what? tho' the harebell and shamrock bloom gay
 O'er the mountain-stream's clear, passing wave ;
 From the crush of oppression*let's hasten away
 To the land of the free and the brave.

Oh, sigh not! nor thus let thy precious tears flow,
 Tho' her mountain-walks fade from our view ;
 I will bless thee in pleasure, I'll soothe thee in woe,
 And my prayers shall be whisper'd for you.

Tho' I too must weep; yet my sorrows are vain,
 For far hence I am destined to roam ;
 But the best spot of earth to the laboring swain
 Is that land where he finds him a home.

* Though the author would by no means admit that this and similar expressions in the same piece are descriptive of his own personal feelings; yet he is so convinced that thousands leave that interesting country with sentiments less unfriendly to her institutions than the expression would indicate,

Ah ! where is my home now, where (fugitive) peace
Once pour'd on my heart's thro' her smile ;
And whose are those fields now, whose annual increase
Repaid with her harvests my toil ?

Another now owns them, their sunshine has fled,
And my cottage is razed to the ground ;
And oppression has urged me away from that shed
Where my deepest affections were bound.

Then come, my dear Julia, I'll find thee a home,
Where the frown of the tyrant is vain ;
Where the wild elk and reindeer at freedom can roam,
And the Ottawa winds through the plain.

Where the maple-tree spreads its dark branches on high,
Our bark-over'd cot, shall be there ;
Where the wood-pigeons wail shall awake thy soft sigh,
And partake of thy sensitive tear.

And oft as at evening you steal by my side,
When every affection is peace ;
We will think of a land 'yond the dark rolling tide,
And pray that her sorrows may cease.



THE WORTH OF SOULS.

WE pay our Parson every year
 Six hundred silver crowns
 To preach, to pray, to catechise,
 And walk his pastoral rounds.

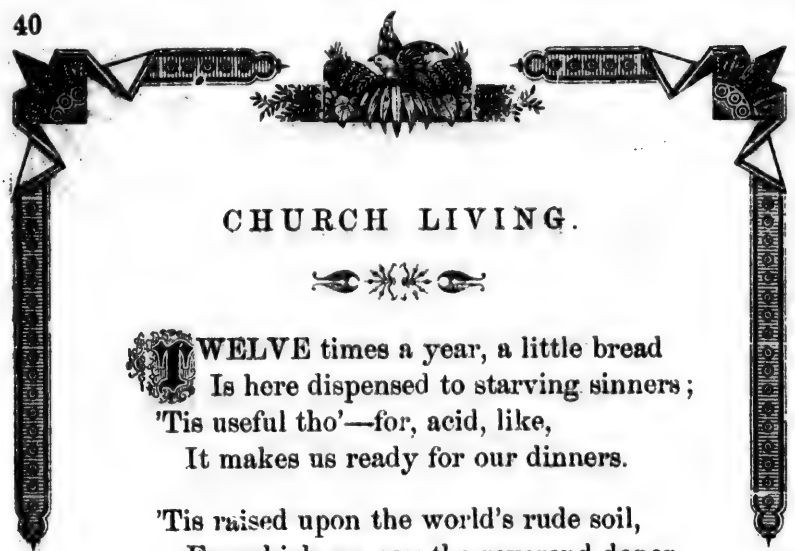
Now ten rich harvests have roll'd by
 Since he the work began;
 Yet small improvement we perceive
 In woman, child, or man.

Perhaps there's one has changed
 his course,
 And seems for heaven steering;
 Perhaps there's two has laid aside,
 The naughty vice of swearing.

But in the main, we drink and lie,
 Are quite as prone to evil;
 As if he had admonished us
 To love and serve the Devil.

Now at this rate, 'twill cost a heap
 Of prayer and exhortation,
 Besides a most enormous sum,
 To save the congregation.





CHURCH LIVING.



TWELVE times a year, a little bread
Is here dispensed to starving sinners ;
'Tis useful tho'—for, acid, like,
It makes us ready for our dinners.

'Tis raised upon the world's rude soil,
For which we pay the reverend donor
In kind—the fruit of niggard fields—
A little grain, a little honor.

'Tis like our home-made oaten-cakes,
Ill-colored too, and something dusty ;
But yet we eat it with a zest
(It comes so seldom) tho' it's musty.

Ten years we've waited on the feast,
And yet we're not a whit the fatter ;
'Tis good to fast, and hence they say
Our leanness is but little matter.

I wish the Lord would send us bread
More frequent if He could afford it,
Or else we'll have to push our heads
In some new building, to be boarded.



ELEGIAIC STANZAS ON THE LATE
WILLIAM HOOD,
STUDENT OF DIVINITY, GLASGOW.

TIS done—the fleeting dream of life is by,
His race is run ; extinct's the vital throe
Of one in humble life, whose generous sigh
Responded to the voice of human woe.

Low in the chambers of the silent dust,
Beneath the solitary, heaving sod,
Slumbers a heart whose deep, whose fervid
trust

Hung on the mercies of the Christian's God.

His was the wish, the bounteous wish, to sooth,
The woes of all within his narrow sphere ;
The suppliant brow of misery to smooth,
And wipe with sympathy the falling tear.

Ne'er did the child of want beseech in vain ;
Freely he shared the pittance of his store ;
Sought to unbind oppression's galling chain,
And gave a sigh when he could give no more.

No more where heathbells bloom in artless pride,
The healthful breath of evening he'll inhale ;
No more at night the blazing hearth beside,
The children hear his winning moral tale.

No more the maid that once he loved so dear,
Shall fondly clasp him to her faithful breast :

The idol of her soul no longer here,
Basks in the sunshine of eternal rest.

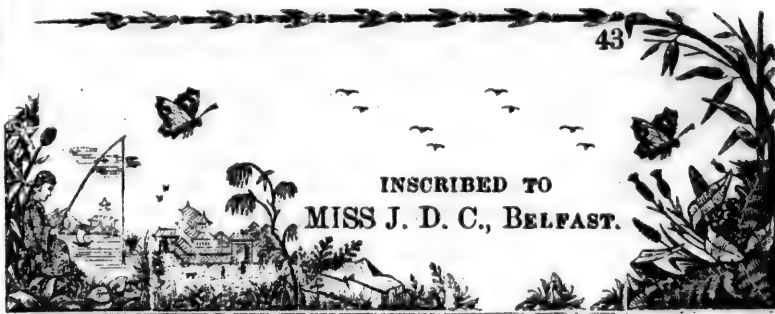
And I no more, companion of his youth,
At eve, by dell or shade; with him shall rove,
To search the page of everlasting truth,
Or trace the wonders of redeeming love.

He's gone—the hamlet's much lamented pride—
Gone to the regions of eternal rest;
Borne on the wings of faith o'er Jordan's tide,
His happy spirit mingles with the blest.

And though no sculptured stone his merits tell,
Nature adorns with simple flow'rs his grave;
And many a tear of honest grief shall well,
And fall on leaves that o'er his slumber wave.

And though to dust's consigned his mortal frame,
(From dust it came, to dust it must be given),
Yet still remembrance sighs his much-loved name,
Child of mortality and heir of heaven.

And O! may we, prisoners of hope yet here,
Live as he lived, and as he died expire;
Read in a Saviour's love our title clear
To heaven, and after heavenly joys aspire.



EEP in a vale, from man retired,
 A rustic Harp I rudely strung;
 And oft by fancy's pow'r inspired,
 With pathos keen her notes I flung.

The strains that charm the lover's ear,
 Those artless strains were often mine;
 But now a tone, a sigh, a tear,
 We offer on fair friendship's shrine.

And though my untaught notes are wild,
 And though my Harp is rude to see,
 I sweep that harp (affection's child)
 To friendship, gratitude and thee;

And though a rustic swain I be,
 That fortune's darkest frowns abide,
 I feel what thou hast done for me,
 Thou maid that dwell'st by Lagan's side!



*. Miss Jane Dickee Cumming, sister of Mrs. Charles Tweed: printed in
 "Belfast News Letter," about 1815.

TO THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF A FRIEND,
WITH A NEW TESTAMENT.

*ELIZA :—

Thou'lt accept this small gift from a peasant
obscure,
Who measures life's humblest vale ;
And this plain, humble verse thou shalt calmly
endure,
Nor smile on a cottager's tale.

I long thought, ere of Erin I'd take my last view,
Or my home and my country resign,
That I'd leave with some lov'd one a fervent adieu,
And I feel that adieu shall be thine.

Then keep it, Eliza,—'twill teach thee to live,
And, what's better, 'twill teach thee to die ;
It will soften each stroke that misfortune may give,
And soothe sorrow's bitterest sigh.

In this cold, selfish world, to the heart that's oppress'd,
A bright vista it opens to view ;
Where hope has her anchor, where faith safely rests
On glories unfading and true.

But I hope on life's dark and adventurous stage,
Not a sigh in thy bosom shall rise ;
And that peace may illumine thy youth and thy age
With the joys of the just and the wise :

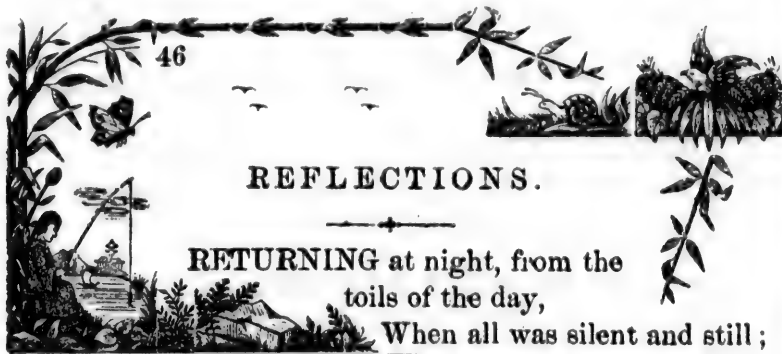
* A daughter of Major John Higginson, of the Nappin.

'Tis my wish ; and when plunged in the wilds of the
West,

When care hangs on life's tremulous flame,
A prayer shall escape from the lone exile's breast,
To prove every feeling the same.

I blush on this trifle, so trifling indeed
That my sigh shall its journey attend ;
Yet if ever thy heart has occasion to bleed,
Thou shalt find in this trifle a friend.





REFLECTIONS.

RETURNING at night, from the
toils of the day,

When all was silent and still ;
When the moon lent to Autumn a friendly ray,
And the silver cloud slept on the hill ;

Then I thought of my joys, that are gone and away,
And I thought of my sorrows long past ;
And I felt that to-morrow shall be as to-day,
And the forthcoming year as the last.

Then why should solicitude trouble my heart,
Or care for the day that's to come ?
In this wide-spreading world I can challenge my part,
And this world till I leave is my home.

Its splendour, its troubles, its joys, or its griefs,
Are certainly little to me ;
If I sorrow, death hastens to give me relief,
And he hastens to finish my glee.

If the proud give me hate, when it injures me not,
Their hatred's as good as their love ;
While the roof throws the storms from the eaves of my
'Tis as good as a castle would prove. [cot,

While fancy's rich fields open wide to my gaze,
And peace on my humble shed pours
Her beam, need I thirst for fame's fugitive blaze ;
Say what can she do for me more ?

Is a competence all that the soul can enjoy ?

It is mine then, the fruit of my toil ;

And the trappings of wealth shall ne'er cost me a sigh,

Or her favors provoke me to smile.

So why should solicitude trouble my heart,

Or care for the day that's to come ?

In this wide-spreading world I can challenge a part,

And this world till I leave is my home.

And calmly we'll wait till the leveller comes,

That comes to the sad and the gay ;

For soon shall our pleasures be lost in the tomb,

And our sorrows shall vanish as they.



THE HOUSE OF GOD.

HEACON of hope! On yonder height
 The shrine of peace is seen;
 Gilded with Sabbath's holy light,
 House of remembrance fair and white,
 Upon the village green.

Thither the honest rustics hie
 To hear salvation's voice;
 View in their wondrous destiny,
 Thy glory, Immortality,
 And in thy beams rejoice.

Heralds of mercy here proclaim
 From whom our mercies spring;
 Ho! ye who thirst for living streams,
 Come join the loud, the glad acclaims
 To heaven's anointed King.

Offers of pardon from on high
 Salute the astonish'd ear;
 Believe! believe! a Saviour dies,
 A pure, a spotless sacrifice,
 And all our sorrows bears.

Come to the living waters, come,
 And wash away your sins;
 No more a houseless wanderer roam,
 Arise, enjoy thy heavenly home,
 The realms of light
 within.

Forsake thy low, thy sordid joys,
Time flies, her lapse improve;
And with the just, the good, the wise,
Assert thy title to the skies,
To everlasting love.

Join ye the marshal'd troops on high,
And with the shield of faith
And Spirit's sword, to victory
Press on, to Immortality,
And triumph over death.

Thus sounds the silver trump of Heaven,
While broad her glories wave;
Lamp of our feet, in mercy given,
To light life's rugged path uneven,
And guide us o'er the grave.

In those blest courts the rich, the poor,
The saint and sinner meet;
Deep humbled, one his guilt deploras,
And one in gratitude adores
Redemption's work complete.

There bursts the penitential sigh,
There love's glad anthems swell;
There faith unfettered, soaring high,
Surveys those mansions in the sky
Where sainted spirits dwell.

There the rapt choir in sacred song,
Their grateful tribute pay;
Hosannas dwell on every tongue,

And echoing roll the isle along,
And swell to ecstasy.

There flows the sigh of fervent prayer,
And strength divine implores ;
"Seek ye my face," the Lord declares,—
We seek it, O, may each one share
Thy favor evermore !

There shines in characters of light
Redemption's glorious plan ;
Justice and love and truth unite,
With heaven's unconquerable might,
To ransom guilty man.

And now the wilderness shall bloom
Like Sharon's blossom'd rose ;
The lonely desert, breaths perfume,
And flowers of hope adorn the tomb,
Dispelling mortal woes.

Harps of Eternity proclaim
Salvation's jubilee ;
Bow ! angels, bow ! to Jesus' name,
Earth's offspring join the loud acclaim,
And shout for victory !





TO JULIA.

JULIA, when the winds blow loud,
And winter with his frozen hand,
Has wrapp'd beneath a snowy shroud
The flow'ry beauties of our land,

Does then affection's reflux tide
Grow cold and freeze like ice-bound river;
Or does her halcyon stream abide
As pure, as warm, as strong as ever?

Julia, when the spicy gale
Wantons on the breast of spring;
And shrub and flow'r o'er hill and dale,
O'er bow'r and mead, their fragrance fling,

Does then the soul its pow'rs renew,
And warmer, deeper feelings cherish;
Eager her sunshine hopes pursue,
Hopes doom'd in wintry storms to perish?

Ah! no, that love that's worth the name
No changeeful season ever knows;
But blooms in wint'ry storms the same
As when the summer solstice glows;

The same unchanging, steadfast one,
In rest, in toil, in joy and sorrow;
The same when years of trials gone,
The same through every future morrow.



THE SUICIDE.

VALES where I have daily toiled,
Need I dread from hence to move me ?
Vales where friendship might have smiled,
What have I to make me love thee ?

Here no soothing joys I know,
Gently through my bosom stealing ;
Here no smiling face I view,
To wake the thrill of grateful feeling.

Here I many a pang have borne
Unconsoled, in silent sorrow ;
Here has care my bosom torn,
Closed the eve and waked the morrow.

Much I loved thy winding streams,
Through the nodding hazel straying ;
And much admired the evening's beams
Upon its glassy bosom playing.

And much I loved the shepherd's home,
Where simple peace has reared her dwelling ;
Where love abides, where friendship comes,
The peasant's humble care dispelling.

Hut, nor cot, nor home, have I,
Nor friend, nor friendship's smile to cheer me ;
Nor one to soothe my swelling sigh,
Nor one in sorrow's plaint to hear me.

Forward I cast my cheerless eyes
To scenes where anguish lingers over ;
I feel the pang that never dies,
Despair o'er all my prospects hover.

I feel the last faint beam depart,
That cheer'd me through this vale of sorrow ;
The sun of hope sets on my heart,
But never more shall dawn the morrow.

Fate comes my bleeding heart to tear,
The gloom of poverty has brought her ;
She comes with wild dishevelled hair,
And meagre hands prepared for slaughter.

Farewell then light of yon hillside,
For fate has sworn that we must sever ;
Thou brightest star of eventide
This last adieu, we part forever.

Sweet maid, farewell ! this bursting sigh
Bespeaks the anguish of our parting ;
But ah ! the pang shall never die,
That's wildly in my bosom starting.

Welcome ye fiends, of influence fell !
Care, grief, and pain, this bosom harrow ;
Here is a heart wherein to dwell,
Come, slake in blood your poisoned arrow.

Day, veil thy face in darkest gloom !
Come sullen night, thy votaries greet thee ;
Death, hast thou yet a keener boon,
Ah, no ! am I afraid to meet thee ?

Thy feverish strokes shall quickly end,
When time has ceased each pulse to number;
I'll hail the grave my only friend,
And thank thee for an hour of slumber.



TRAINING, OR MILITARY
HONORS IN CANADA.

WHEN Captains in moccasins laced up with
And breeches-knees worn to the quick; [thongs,
And Sergeants in home-spun come jogging along,
And for want of a sword, wear a stick.

When you farmers stand up, set your toes to the square,
Keep your mouth and your ears somewhat open;
And when long rolls of foolscap's unfurl'd in the air,
Honor bids you attend to what's spoken.

When you hear with a stammer, half-spoken half-spell'd,
A name like your own or some "odder;"
Cry "Here sir!" as loud as your bleeding pig's yell,
Or your ox at the stall calls for fodder.

For if ever the black mark, is put to your name,
(Though this warfare may seem somewhat funny);
You will find when the constable calls you again,
He wants, not yourself, but your money.

O! Grace to the Captain's who taught us to fight,
With a "here sir," instead of the claymore;
I'll cry "here sir!" till "Yankee" men take them to flight,
And with "here sir," than Samson I'll slay more.

But if training day's hot, and my tune pipe gets dry,
(As a man may be weak and yet willing);
Should another more handy, cry louder than I
O, rip, na my pouch for ten shillings.

LIFE.

 LIFE'S like the dream that shoots athwart
The slumbring infant's brain;
Till fancy wakes—the sudden start—
And lo! it sleeps again.

Or, like the sunbeam on the hill,
When shadowy autumn flies;
This hour it glistens on the rill,
The next it faintly dies.

Or like the meteor's passing ray,
A glance unseen before;
Or like the flow'r that feels decay,
And fades to bloom no more.

Fleet are its lights, its shadows fleet;
And all its boasted joys,
(Frail as we are), are frailer yet,
And never satisfy.

Son of mishap, if sorrow's pow'r
Around thee sheds her gloom;
Watch ye, stand fast, the next fleet hour,
May bear thee to the tomb.

There peace unenvied, pure and calm,
Shall o'er thy slumbers rise;
Till some sweet, morning—breathing balm,
Awakes thee for the skies.

Then the last pang, endured before,
Shall ne'er disturb thy rest;
There tears and sighs, invade no more
The mansions of the blest.

And thou, whom affluence has placed,
Above the reach of care;
Arouse, nor golden moments waste,
On pleasures light as air.

A thousand objects, press'd with care,
Thy sympathies demand;
And Want's pale victims seek to share,
The bounties of thy hand.

Shield then the orphan, born distress'd,
The widow's wants remove;
And joy and peace shall light thy breast,
With everlasting love.

Thus an inheritance on high,
Shall to thy hopes be given;
A home unsullied with a sigh,
Enduring in the heavens.





HERE, where the streamlet softly glides along,
And hums responsive to the redbreast's song ;
Here, where the hawthorn green, with grassy lawn,
Affords a shelter to the timid hare,
Here let me make one pause—of grief sincere,
And heave a sigh, and drop a heartfelt tear ;
To all my joys, to all my transports tell
One lone, one sad, one lingering last farewell.

Before my vision, hills and valleys roll,
And thrill with anguish on my bleeding soul ;
—Yon lonely cottage through the trees desecrated,
Yon hedgerows green that skirt the fountain's side,
Yon clear cascade, the daisy's simple crest,
That shines beside the skylark's humble nest :
Tell to my soul, my dream of pleasure o'er,
I flee a home, to taste its joys no more.

Land of my birth, farewell ! to-morrow's ray
Shall hail thee, lovely as thou art to-day,
And evening's fading beams shall on thee pour,
As calm, as pure a light as heretofore ;
Thy linnets sing as sweet, thy fountains flow
As pure, the bluebell and the rose shall glow
As fair as now ; but none shall e'er deplore.

Thy echoing hills, thy vales, thy winding shore,
With deeper grief than mine, nor shed a tear
Of warmer love, with sorrow more sincere
Mourn thee, a country lost, a ruined home;
Myself in destitution doom'd to roam,
A hopeless exile far beyond the sea,
Where joys may bloom, but cannot bloom to me.

The breeze is up, the swelling sail is set,
And still, my fancy lingers with thee yet,
Craves for another look, and fondly roams
O'er scenes beloved, and calls them still her home;
Though home, if home she has lies far away
Beyond the boundings of an angry sea,
In woods immense, where savage monsters roam,
'Tis there—if e'er, the wanderer finds a home.

Scenes of my youth, farewell! the loosened sail
Bends to the pressure of the rising gale;
The bark bounds lightly o'er the swelling tide,
And sparks phosphoric light her pitchy side;
Cottage and farm fade slowly from my sight,
And leaves me in a dark and hopeless night;
Alone, unfriended, on the billows lost,
My every hope of earthly comfort crost;
My prospect's blighted, and my bosom worn,
With nights of grief that know no cheering morn;
Of every sympathizing friend bereft,
This only soothing spring of feeling left
To cherish tears, and sighs that ever swell,
And pour unheeded my lone and last farewell.



THE FORESTER'S EPISTLE.

WHEN the tempests rage, and the pine trees bend,
 And the choking drift flies by ;
 And the moaning winds, the stunn'd ear rends
 With winter's minstrelsy ;
 When far in the trackless forest I
 Am felling the stately tree ;
 My bosom's heaved with a frequent sigh,
 And that sigh is all for thee.

'Tis then the joys of former days,
 Crowd on my ardent mind,
 Till fancy's visions before me blaze,
 Soul-soothing, yet unkind ;
 For soon the crash of the falling tree,
 The flimsy scene destroys ;
 Then I find I am far away from thee,
 And all my former joys.

Yet ah ! how soon the visions bright,
 Creep o'er my soul again ;
 Thus cloud and sunshine, gloom and light,
 Sweep o'er the autumnal plain ;
 Thus time a changeful aspect wears,
 Yet each succeeding day,
 Tells the sad truth that I am here,
 And thou art far away.

But mourn not love, though fate has cast
Vast wilds between us two ;
The days, the months, the storms fly past,
And still our hearts are true ;
Though gloomy care with wing of jet,
O'ershades our path of pain :
A brighter scene shall open yet,
And we shall meet again.

Now tell me if the little throng
That crowd around thy knee,
With anxious look enquire how long
I yet shall absent be ?
O say, do they talk of the melting snow,
Or the iceflake's quick decay,
Till thy hopes in a brighter current flow,
And sweep thy cares away ?

And when thy frugal board is set,
As frugal it must be :
When thy heart is sad, and thy cheek is wet
With a mother's sympathy ;
O, say, do they wish a father there
To bless their scanty lot ;
Anxious their homely meal to share,
With one that's ne'er forgot ?

And when the sun has gone to rest
In realms of fleecy snow ;
When the bright stars twinkle in the west,
And the bitter north winds blow ;
When thy brow is clouded with silent grief,
Do they gather round thy knee,
And clasp their little hands and breathe
A prayer for you and me ?

THE GRAVE OF LITTLE SAMUEL.

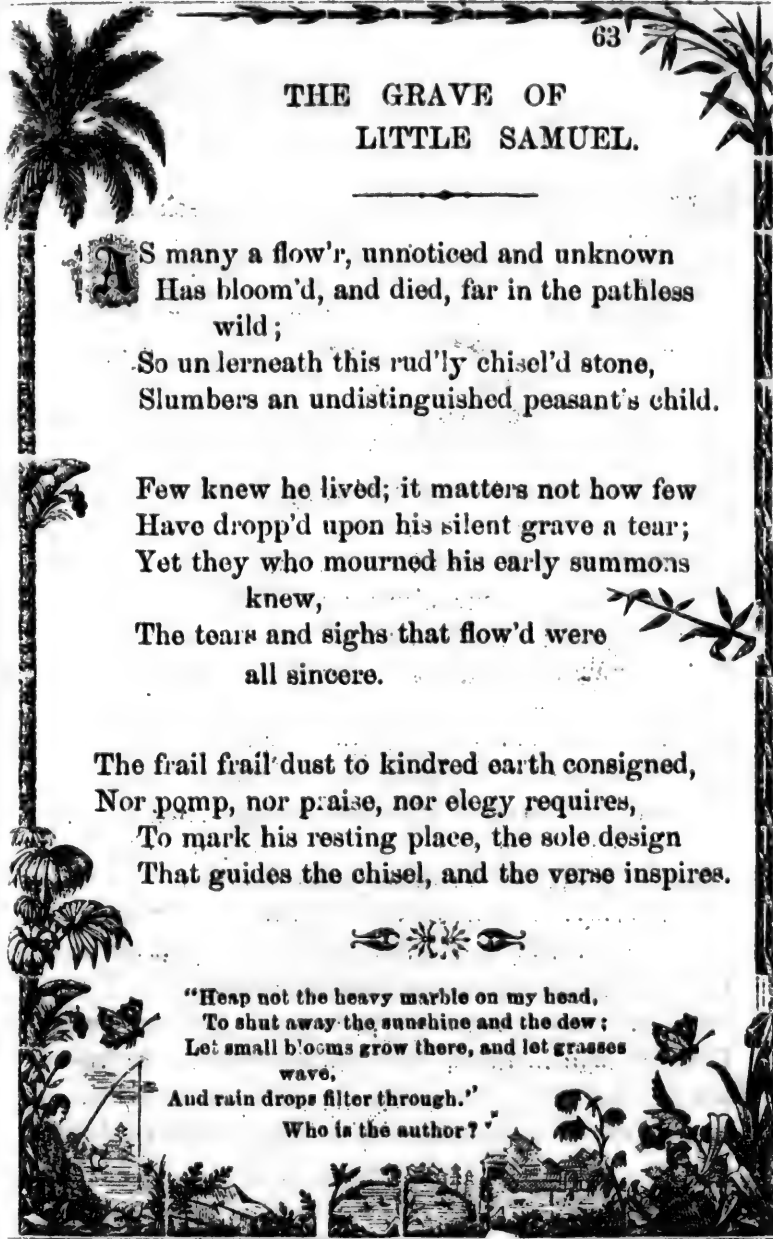
AS many a flow'r, unnoticed and unknown
Has bloom'd, and died, far in the pathless
wild;
So unlerneath this rud'ly chisel'd stone,
Slumbers an undistinguished peasant's child.

Few knew he lived; it matters not how few
Have dropp'd upon his silent grave a tear;
Yet they who mourned his early summons
knew,
The tears and sighs that flow'd were
all sincere.

The frail frail dust to kindred earth consigned,
Nor pomp, nor praise, nor elegy requires,
To mark his resting place, the sole design
That guides the chisel, and the verse inspires.



"Heap not the heavy marble on my head,
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small b'ooms grow there, and let grasses
wave,
And rain drops filter through."
Who is the author?



TO ———

O tell me not of Circassian maids,

With their brows of light and their cheeks like roses ;
 Or those scenes where the myrtle-tree casts its shade,
 O'er fields where the spicy gale reposes :
 For I have seen where the wild winds blow,
 And with frigid breath the fountains sealing ;
 A fairer, a purer maid than those,
 And a land more dear to my rugged feeling.

O tell me not of the voice of song,
 That swells over classic vales and fountains ;
 A sweeter voice I have heard, among
 The winding glens of my native mountains ;
 And I prized it the more that my own sweet streams,
 Had heard it in all its richness flowing ;
 And it waked on my fancy her airy dreams,
 With all their faded brightness glowing.

Much of life's ills have I seen, have I known,
 And endured on my wilderness path of its sorrow ;
 And my hopes once so bright were put out one by one,
 Till scarce one remains to enlighten to-morrow :
 Yet still there are times, there are words, there are smiles,
 That can win from my soul its dejection and sadness ;
 When the heart can relinquish its cares and its toils,
 And dwell in the sunshine of friendship and gladness.

Such times have flown past, and though brief was their stay,
Still memory pursues them and hangs on their pleasures;
And fancy returns to their light-covered way,
As the miser returns to the place of his treasure :
They are treasured, and hope, syren hope, whispers yet,
Their joys o'er our pilgrimage pathway shall hover,
E'er our day-star in realms undiscovered shall set,
Or the flow'rs of the valley our silent dust covers.



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
MRS. NEIL STEWART OF VANKLEEK HILL.

SISTER in heaven, inheritor of joy
Ineffable, where sorrowing cannot be;
May we, without presumption, heave a sigh,
Or speak our deep regret at losing thee?

May we awake our melancholy Lyre,
Whose strings are steep'd in tears and tuned to woe;
And o'er thy memory run with keen desire,
To taste the bliss that thou shalt ever know?

May we low dwellers in a world of sin,
Address our numbers to thy soul in bliss;
Gather from death immortal fruits, or win
A ray from glorious land to brighten this?

We may, and while each sad resounding string
Laments thy absence, mourns our comforts riven;
O may our Harp no vain memorial bring,
But wake in unison with those in heaven.

We seek no inspiration from the pow'rs,
That flit round Helicon on purple wing;
We woo thee, truth, by Zion's sacred bow'rs,
And as the Bard of Israel sang, would sing.

Sister in heaven, wilt thou forgive our tears,
Our wishes unsubdued, our frequent sigh,
Our resignation unresigned, that bears
Fresh waters to the fountain it would dry.

Thou wilt, for thou wast once as frail as we,
Yet then "thy failings leaned to virtue's side;"
Thy home was here, nor had eternity
Burst on thy view, tremendous vast and wide.

Thou hadst not said "Thy kingdom come, O Lord,"
With that deep pathos uttered by His saints;
Nor felt the Spirit's all-subduing sword,
Nor registered on high thy soul's complaints.

Yet we beheld thee lovely, thought thee good,
Believed thee gentle, patient, meek and kind;
The needy blest thee for their daily food,
And when the heart was crush'd 'twas thine to bind.

Such was thy state when One with accents sweet,
Call'd thee to raise thy heart and hopes on high;
And on the Rock of Ages set thy feet,
And put upon thy lips a song of joy,

Gave thee triumphant victory o'er thy foes,
Achieved thy freedom, armed thy soul with faith,
Washed thee in streams divine, where mercy flows,
Despoil'd the grave, and wrung his sting from death.

And as thy sun declined, his setting beams
Flowed glorious on Salvation's holy hill;
Poured his last radiance on the bow'ers and streams,
Of realms, where pure enjoyment has her fill.

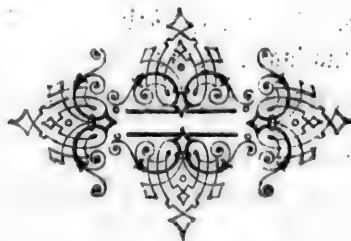
Sister, we mourn, but cannot mourn as those
Who have no hope beyond the house of clay,
Thy bliss is perfected, thy glory flows
From the glad fountains of eternal day.

O, may the smile that on thy sweet lips play'd,
And dwells upon our hearts, allure us there;
O, may thy last remonstrance lend us aid,
To seek thy rest, thy perfect bliss to share!

And may our heart, that withers at its loss,
A worn, a wasted, dessolated thing,
Seek through the medium of the Eternal Cross,
With thee to reign and glad hosannas sing.

And may thy little innocents, bereft
Of every joy maternal love affords;
Find yet one stream of purest comfort left,
A home on high, a Parent in the Lord.

Time rolls her mighty circuit, soon shall we
From all our earthborn troubles find release;
Beloved one, may we then ascend to thee,
And share the joys of everlasting peace.



LINES ADDRESSED TO Miss E. C.,
ON THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE.

FILLEN my much esteemed,
my valued friend,

I mourn the wounds thy feelings have sustained ;
Stroke follows stroke, and added seasons lend
Fresh sorrows to a heart too deeply pained.

I mourn thy friends cut off, and thou alone ;
I mourn thee far removed from scenes where peace
With happy promise o'er thy young days shone,
Nor told how soon her transient light should cease.

I mourn, that year by year thy meeds are woe,
Unchanged as thy unmitigated grief ;
Ills following ills, no friendly respite show,
Cares crowd on cares admitting no relief.

But can the sigh of sympathy remove,
Care's pressure from the lacerated heart ;
Or can the voice of friendship, or of love,
To wounds like thine, an antidote impart ?

Would that they could ! Then should thy tears be dry,
And light and joy and happiness and peace,
Should sweep, like summer's gales, far hence thy sigh,
And give thy aching heart a glad release.

Vain is each wish ; the events of time roll on,
Nor hopes promote their speed, nor fears delay ;
Moments off bliss we cherish'd, now are gone ;
Seasons of grief are gone as well as they.

Yet still we wish, and while the heart beats warm,
The aspiration consecrates her shrine;
Gives brief relief, imparts a feeble charm,
And soothes afflictions even deep as thine.

O! I would wish then, that the ills that thou
Hast met, meet daily, or hast yet to meet;
May ne'er with fruitless anguish cloud thy brow,
But rather lay thee at thy Saviour's feet,

Submitting, and submissive, patient, meek,
Resigned to whatsoe'er His will imparts;
The light of faith upon thy dewy cheek,
And love unfading beaming on thy heart.

A world of glory bursting on thy sight,
A home far hence beyond the milky way;
Fair fields with everlasting verdure bright,
And skies of unextinguishable day.

Thus glows my wish, what more it boots not now to say.





"LET THEM COME IF THEY
DARE!" SIR F. B. HEAD.



RULE Britain! lovely Queen of the ocean!
Do the hearts quail that were steel'd to
the strife?

Have the son's of old Albion, resigned the
devotion,
That knits them to freedom as close as to life?

No. The bristling bayonets, the roll of the drum,
And the red-cross unfurl'd, to invaders declare;
We have steel to oppose them whenever they come,
Then let the base traiters, "Come if they dare."

"Pibroch a Donald Dhu, Pibroch a Donald!"
Slumbers the clan when the foemen are nigh;
Hark! 'tis the claymore's clang, Caledon's son's shall
Stand by their freedom to conquer or die.

Deep in the valley, aloft on the mountain,
The war-pipe is pealing her notes on the air;
And bold men and brave men by forest and
fountain,
Invites the invaders to "Come if they dare."

Erin Mavourneen prepare for the contest,
On with the sword for the desperate strife;
Be the hearts of the thousands, determined as one
breast,
To yield up their liberty only with life.

O, remember the fields where the Green Island's glory,
Unextinguish'd still burns like the lamp of Kildare;
And flinging your challenge on high, and before thee,
Bid the foes of your country "Come if they dare."

Hark ! 'tis the war-whoop that rings through the forest,
Proudly the Indian plume's waving on high ;
Keen is his knife, where the battle is sorest,
Martial his step and intrepid his eye.

From the chase in the wild, from the lake, from the
river,
He hastes to the red-field of vengeance and war,
And breathing defiance at once and forever,
He bids the freebooters to "Come if they dare."



THE
VOICE OF SUMMER.

—♦—♦—♦—
"And hark! how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows."—Gray.

TIS the voice of Summer, I hear it pass,
Lightly along the waving grass;
Waking the echoes that love to dwell,
'Mong the fern clad nooks of the rocky dell;
Stirring with vocal breath as it flows,
The trembling shoots of the new blown rose;
Varied, and rich, and bold, and free,
It floats over forest, and fountain, and lea.

It sighs through the leaves of the new clothed tree,
It comes on the wings of the toiling bee;
It spreads through the vale where the rustics meet,
It swells o'er the hills where the scatterd flock bleat;
It creeps along through the winding glen,
Where the fox has made his briery den;
And murmuring follows the fountain's flow,
Where the laurels wave and the harebells blow.

I love the voice of Summer! it brings
To my mind, on its soft and musical wings,
Seasons long past when my heart was light,
When my fancy was warm, and my hopes were bright;
When the mountain's brow and the heathy glade,
And the narrow dell, and the wild-rose shade,
And the dark-brown lake, and the hawthorn tree,
Were all familiar things with me.

I seek not the babbling voice of fame,
Nor the war trumpet, kindling the soul to flame ;
I love not the boisterous hunter's horn,
That wakes the echoes at dawn-of morn ;
I prize not the polish'd song and glee,
In the lighted hall of minstrelsy ;
Though their harmony's rich, and their tone's sublime,
O, summer, their music is not like thine.

Then give me, away in sequester'd dell,
Where man seldom enters where solitude dwells,
To hear thy soft echoes by fountain an lee,
Thy chime from the streamlet, thy sigh from the tree ;
Thy glee from the furze, where in fortified nest,
The linnet is pressing her young to her breast ;
O, give me such tunes and all else I resign,
Convinced that no music can be equal to thine.



"THE FALL OF A LEAF IN JUNE."

WHY didst thou fall fair leaf? why leave the stem,
 Where dwell thy sisters,—where thy youth was pas'd
 Amid the glorious elements of heaven?
 Why didst thou leave thy home, where summer's sun,
 And summer's gales, and dews, and genial showers,
 So richly ministered to thy support?
 Thy young successor hath not pushed thee from
 Thy slender footstalk, nor the angry wind
 Rent from the trunk the branch that bore thee up,
 Nor lightning scathed thee, nor had frost congealed
 The sap that rac'd tumultuous through thy veins;
 Nor had the woodman's persevering stroke
 Laid low thy parent tree, why then didst fall.
 A worm was at thy stem—a cruel worm—
 A loathsome reptile with voracious tooth,
 Severed thy fibres, drank thy vital sap;
 Assailed thy fragile citadel of life,
 And toss'd thee down from thy exalted home
 To perish with the fleeting things of time.
 Brief was thy life, though glorious—vernal rains
 Softened the horny sepal that enclosed
 Thy folded form, and vernal suns poured down
 A quick'ning influence, gentle at the first,
 But as thy strength increased, a stronger ray
 Call'd forth the energy of youthful life;
 The silver moon look'd down upon thy growth,
 As looks the mother on her sleeping child.

The elastic twig that bore thee up on high,
Rock'd thee to whispering gales; the linnet's song
Flow'd round thee, an unconscious lullaby.
And wert thou nurtured thus midst light and joy,
To be at last food for a loathsome worm?
Hadst thou a soul, fair leaf? did consciousness
Inform thee that the reptile's ardent fang
Had seized upon thy footstalk; didst thou shrink,
As mortals shrink from death; didst keenly yearn
For a more lengthened term of thy existence?
Would thou couldst answer me! but 'tis in vain;
I seek for information from a leaf. There's one
Who loved devotedly, and was beloved
By her who like thyself has passed away;
She loved him then, and if she is not now
Unconscious, loves him still: and he has sought
Communion with her, when the silent shades
Of evening closed around him; when the breeze
Of midnight sighed among the sleeping flowers:
He sought (with what intense desire!) he sought
The waving of a hand, a word, a sigh,
In recognition of his burning thoughts,
But yet there's no response: more vain to seek
Of thee the knowledge ever keenly sought,
And still withheld.—There is a day draws near,
When he who seeks communion with the dead;
Shall be informed of all he now desires,
O. else be tossed, as thou art, to the earth,
A lost, unconscious, and forgotten thing.



LINES TO MRS. MARGARET DIXON McDOUGALL.

TAKE thy wild harp, fair minstrel, waker tones
That hitherto have soothed our bleeding hearts ;
And touch the notes as soft as zephyrs floating o'er
the placid lake,
And sweet as angel's sighs :
And we thy votaries shall bind thy brow with laurels,
Shall canonize thy name with sainted bards
Who tuned their harps, and sang their patriot songs,
On the green hills of thine own native land.
And do thou consecrate thy Muse, to themes
Of rural beauty, of rustic happiness and social joy ;
And do thou bring to view the castled towers, [dames,
And gilded domes, and phantom knights, and noble
And peasant maids as beautiful as dawn,
And shepherd swains attuning reeds,
To please their peers and praise their rural loves ;
And do thou gather flowers, by fancy strewn
On woodland paths, or circled knolls,
Where fairies dance at midnight,
Or rocky dell, where viewless echo lives,
And quaintly answers to thy glorious song ;
And do thou honor honorable deeds,
And praise illustrious piety, and truth,
And cherish in our hearts the love—the ardent love,
Of this our forest home.
And do thou teach our youth to reverence and
Obey our gracious Queen, whom all the world admires,
And thus achieve the poets favored meed
And during fame.



THE LAUNCH.

(Written for the Economist.)

OUT on the ocean wide,
 Out on the restless sea,
 I have launched my barque, whate'er betide
 My humble craft and me.

I have braced up jib and sheet,
 I have spread each swelling sail;
 And block and cordage and shroud repeat
 The song of the passing gale.

With the anchor of hope at her bow,
 And the tiller of truth in my hands,
 She makes her course with a flashing prow
 To the havens of other lands.

At her peak the banner flows
 That has battled many a gale;
 And yet a shot in her locker for those
 Who would rudely her path assail.

She will gather from sunny shores
 Their harvests ripe and sweet;
 She will scatter her wealth at the poor man's door,
 Her gems at the rich man's feet—

She will glorious tidings bring
 Of the deeds of the good and the brave;

The scorn of the free she will proudly fling
On the tyrant and the slave.

To whatever clime she may go,
Where'er her course may be found,—
Let us give a hearty yo heave O
For the barque that is outward bound.



WRITTEN FOR THE SECOND YEAR OF
"THE ECONOMIST."



UEAR patrons, while the infant year
Her vestal robes of crystals wear;
While on her polish'd brow
A leafless diadem is plac'd,
A frozen girdle round her waist,
Her wand a sapless bough.

While hopeful hearts with joyous mirth,
Proclaim her much desired birth,
With welcome, jokes, and smiles;
Let us, your herald, calmly cast,
Our thoughts and memories on the past,
And all its varied toils.

The year now gone, beheld our birth—
Frail, infantine—among the dearth
Of cheering sympathies:
And now a stripling in the chase,
We ask to take a freeman's place
Among the bold and free.

We seek to trace the current mind,
The feelings, actions, of our kind, -
The bitter and the sweet;
We call from many a classic store,
Rich hoards of legendary lore,
And fling them at your feet.

We freely blame, whenever guilt
Our country's blood or treasures spilt;
We praise if some do well;
We cheer the patriot on his way,
But to the weather cock we say,
Consistency's a jewel.

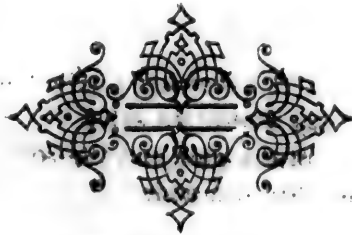
O'er empty heads our whip we crack,
And sometimes lay it on their back,
We do so for their healing:
Just as the justice often locks
The vagrant's ankle in the stocks,
To keep the rogue from stealing.

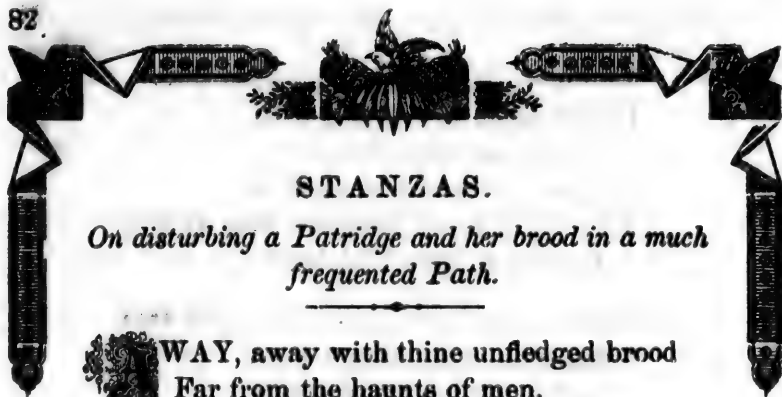
We eul and cater night and day,
We do it too for little pay,
We're to the devil debtor;
But let us net the dark side take,
You and the bright new year will make
Our money matters better.

But all I've done, is little so
The things that I intend to do,
To earn your approbation,
I may indeed fall short betimes,
Especially in doggerel rhymes,
Verse is not my vocation.

And now God bless our glorious Queen,
I really wish my lot had been,
To get one net at all pert :
I do not mean a queen, but one
Who would have loved me, been as true,
As she has been to Albert.

Good night, "good luck," as Paddy says,
I wish you many happy days,
And many happy meetings
With those you love ; "The Economist,"
To all her patrons on the list,
Her kind regards sends greeting.





STANZAS.

On disturbing a Partridge and her brood in a much frequented Path.

WAY, away with thine unfledged brood
Far from the haunts of men,
And find thee a home in the dark green wood,
Or deep in the shadowy glen.

Go, seek thy repast in the pathless brake,
Where the wild flowers bloom unseen,
Or nestle thy brood by the breezeless lake,
Where man has never been.

For the sportsman is out and the dogs are nigh,
And the closing eve may see
Thy little ones wounded and bleeding lie—
A ruined family.

Away then, the summer has poured her beam
On the breezy mountain side,
And the voice of the gale and the roar of the stream,
Are echoing far and wide.

Not where the fair exotic blooms,
Not by the favourite tree,
Not midst the gardens rich perfumes,
Is a safe retreat for thee.

Not where the plough has broken the soil,
Or the splendid mansions shine,

Not where the peasant pursues his toil,
Is a home for thee and thine.

But aloft on the tempest riven steep,
Where the pine tree waves on high—
'Midst the moaning limbs thou canst safely sleep,
To the night winds minstrelsy.

Or far on the rock-ribbed mountains side,
Where the headlong torrents foam,
Thou canst wander in peace at eventide,
And enjoy thy leafy home.

And the duck that curls the glassy lake,
And the wild deer bounding free,
These, the guileless tenants of the brake,
Shall bear thee company.

And one who has met thee in cultured scenes,
Where snares thy path beset—
On the lone hill side, 'midst the juniper green,
May meet thee in safety yet.

Where the dangers that press'd on thine humble lot,
And the sorrows that darkened his,
May be for a transient space forgot,
Or changed to a pensive bliss.

Where fancy unfettered may soar away
On the dusky brow of even,
Or dwell where the rustling meteors play,
Or bask in the light of heaven.

THOUGHTS.



I'M wandering down the lane my love,
Where we have often strayed,
When blessed sunshine o'er us poured,
And green leaves round us played.

And much I think of bygone
years,

When thou wert by my side,
The darling of my youthful heart,
A loved and cherished bride.

But I am lonely now my love,
And very sad the while—
For much I miss thy kindly words,
And much I miss thy smile.

And more I miss the winning charm
That round my heart-strings wove;
The all enduring feeling of
Imperishable love.

But now I'm like a withered leaf
Toss'd on time's surging wave;
Hopeless of rest until I reach
Thy consecrated grave.

A desolated thing that seeks
Amidst affections dearth,
Thy sympathy to cheer and gild
The sombre gloom of earth.

I wish that God would let me see
That gentle face of thine;
I wish that God would let me hear
Thy accent sweet and kind.

I wish that o'er my withered cheek,
Thy warm breath yet might flow,
Conveying gracious words to soothe
My solitary woe.

But the yearning heart may wish
To bring thee back again:
The stern unyielding grave declares
The aspiration vain.

And yet perhaps thy spirit takes
Its silent walk with me,
And hears the sighs and sees the tears
So freely shed for thee.

Perhaps the breeze that slightly moves
The closing flow'rs of even,
Is stirred by a seraphic wing
But lately plumed in heaven.

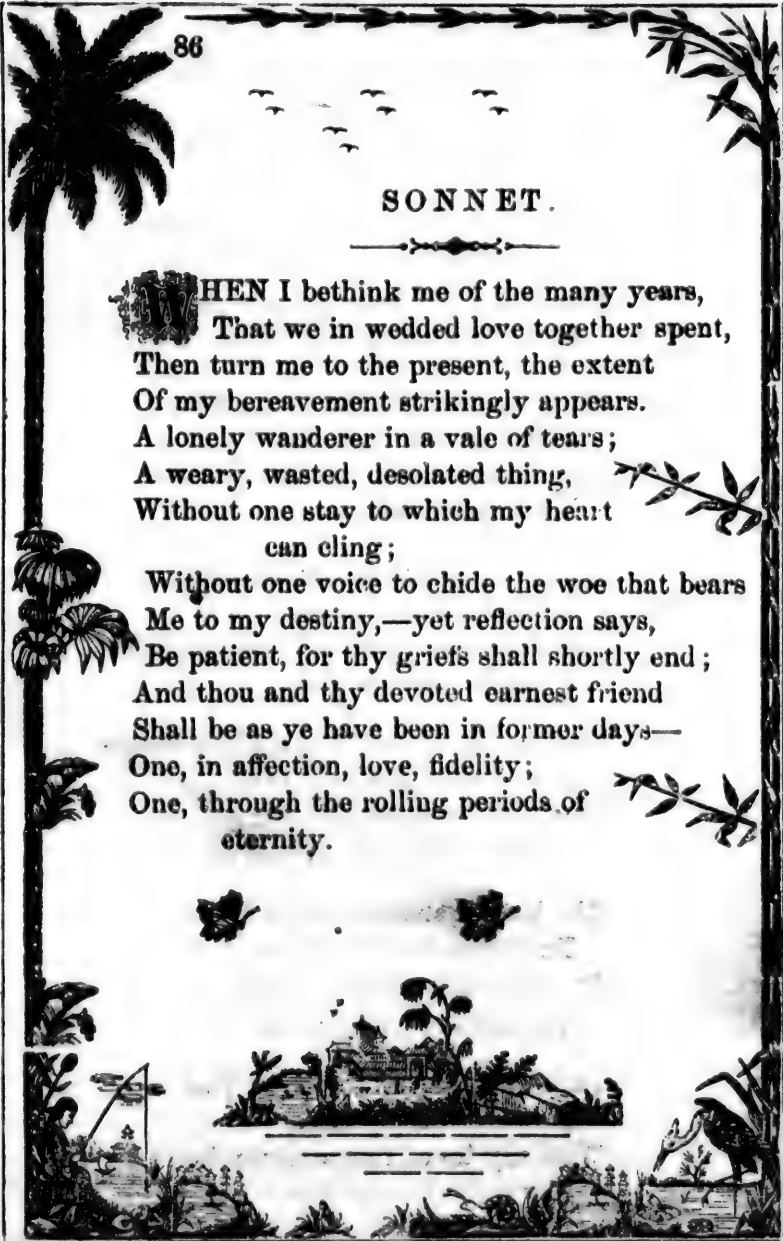
Oh! blessed shadow, could I think
That thou wert ever near,
To fan with a celestial wing
The frequent hidden tear.

I'd bear unmoved the bitter part,
However deeply tried,
With thy loved image in my heart,
Thy spirit by my side.

SONNET.

WHEN I bethink me of the many years,
That we in wedded love together spent,
Then turn me to the present, the extent
Of my bereavement strikingly appears.
A lonely wanderer in a vale of tears;
A weary, wasted, desolated thing,
Without one stay to which my heart
can cling;

Without one voice to chide the woe that bears
Me to my destiny,—yet reflection says,
Be patient, for thy griefs shall shortly end;
And thou and thy devoted earnest friend
Shall be as ye have been in former days—
One, in affection, love, fidelity;
One, through the rolling periods of
eternity.



AN EPICEDE.

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."—*Our Saviour.*

HEAR though thou wert to me, much more beloved
 Than all the other valued gifts bestowed
 By the rich hand of free beneficence
 Upon my varied lot, yet will not I
 Mourn o'er thy early loss, deep though thy worth,
 Thy unassuming virtue, thy pure truth,
 Thy firm fidelity and constant love
 Had wrought themselves into the very core
 Of my heart's best affections; though thou wert
 The child of many hopes, the staff and stay
 Of my declining years; and though thy place,
 Now vacant, whether in my home or heart,
 Can never more be filled, I will not grieve
 As those who have no hope. 'Tis true I thought
 That when my years were wearing to a close,
 And health and strength gave way
 Before the hand of time, that thy kind arm
 Would then sustain me,—and, when sickness came,
 Thy hand would then support my throbbing brow,
 And thy sweet voice would pour into my ear
 The promises of truth, and guide my thoughts
 To mansions glorious, full of light and love,
 Beyond the solar walk or milky way.
 Though such my aspirations were, and though
 My hopes and joys lie buried in thy grave,
 Yet will I not resign myself to grief;
 For I have hope, that thou art even now
 A seraph with the coral throng on high;
 And when I backward look upon thy worth,
 (And memory loves to trace again the scenes

When thou wert with me), thy unchanging love,
Thy gentle meekness, unpretending faith,—
Yea, more, thy quiet life and tranquil death
Convinces me, beyond the reach of doubt,
That thou art now a dweller in those realms
Where pain, or care, or sorrow cannot come.

And when I stood beside thy open grave,
Saw the cold earth upon thy coffin fall,
And heard the "dust to dust" repeated, then
I felt that even thy faded form would rise
A glorious body, meet for the abode
Of such a pure and sainted soul as thine;
And further still, when o'er thy silent dust
We placed, with cautious hands, the unsculptured
stone—

I then believed, and ever shall believe,
The grave had over thee no victory gained—
That death had lost the venom of his sting;
And I am comforted with thoughts like these:—

Would that my death may be as calm as thine,
Or rather, that the few remaining days,
Or months, or years of my fast fleeting life
May be as thine was, tranquil and serene—
Full of meek piety, and fervid love,
And resignation to the will of heaven;—
Would that the staff of Israel's Shepherd King
May stay the parent as it stayed the child,
Even in the dark and shadowy vale of death,
And through the gloomy portals of the grave.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST PUBLIC
MEETING OF THE VANKLEEK HILL
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BY THE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS HIGGINSON, ESQ.

—:O:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen of the Association,—You are assembled this evening for no ordinary purpose, and prompted by no ordinary motive. You are combining for the purpose of cultivating a field hitherto very much neglected. You may be compared to the pioneers of the forest, who enter to clear the land of its incumberances and make it produce fruit. You will require to cherish the characteristics which your fathers possessed when they plunged into the wilderness—patience—resolution—determination. Possessing these qualifications your harvest will be abundant and your success certain.

In establishing a Mechanics' Institute and Scientific Association, we should steadily keep in view the object of the society and the means whereby success may be obtained. The object is to cultivate, expand and quicken the mental powers of that class of society termed operatives—a class which, next to Agriculturists, is the most important to the well-being of the human race. Indeed, if we could pass in review before us Watt with his engine; Jacquard with his loom; Stevenson with his locomotive; Caxton with his printing press; Angelo with his pallet; and a host of others to which your recollections will readily recur, we would then appreciate more justly the importance of the class for whose benefit this and similar institutions are formed. And

further, if we would remember that lawyers and physicians and clergymen have their colleges, and soldiers their polytechnic schools; and then follow the young mechanic into his workshop where the same tools that were used an hundred years ago are in use still, and the same language employed (though doubtless more profane), and the same thoughts called into exercise that were in use in the days of our grandfathers, we would then see the necessity of prosecuting our present undertaking with energy and zeal—we would be prompted to encounter many obstacles—to endure some sacrifices and to overcome some difficulties in order to accomplish so desirable an object, as the mental elevation and practical culture of our brother mechanics.

As your association is not only a Mechanics' but also a Scientific Society, it naturally embraces other pursuits and callings as well as Mechanics. It aims at giving the agriculturist, at least an elementary knowledge of botany so that "he may find tongues in trees." It seeks to make him acquainted with every fossil he may turn up with his plough, so that he may find "sermons in stones." It will teach him animal physiology to the end that he may know that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It seeks to instruct him in agricultural chemistry that he may prosecute his calling with efficiency, and be led to observe how admirably the means is fitted to the end. It will give him lessons in Natural History, that he may more attentively observe the habits of those animals that are the companions of his laborious yet honorable calling, and thus hold intellectual converse with nature's own children and "find good in every thing."

These then are the objects which we hope to attain. That they are not Utopian has been often proved; and though

the Hill of Science may and does present many difficulties to the aspirant, there are few of these difficulties which may not be surmounted, and none that we may not with diligence and perseverance almost entirely overcome.

Let me now mention the means to be employed. One great instrument is a library of well selected books. Although we have many books, it is surprising how very few of them are upon scientific subjects. We have enough of fictitious works—aye more than enough, but works on physical science are rare—and those we have are neither of recent date nor of practical utility. It will be our endeavour to remedy this defect.

We will also endeavour to have a regular course of lectures on practical and scientific subjects. The advantages to be derived from lectures are very great. Apart from the interest they awaken the liberty which they give of varying the illustrations—the adaptation of the language to the hearers—the opportunity of recurring to whatever is obscure, and of explaining whatever may seem to be misapprehended, gives a lecture advantages over every other method of imparting instruction.

I hope too that ere long we may have the benefit of witnessing chemical analyses. By uniting our means we will be able to purchase apparatus sufficient to perform some of the simpler operations. We may also obtain a few optical instruments, and by their assistance, fix our observation, not only on the impenetrable myriads that inhabit a single drop of water, but extend our gaze to worlds unseen by the unassisted eye, far into the regions of illimitable space.

These are some of the means to be employed. It remains to say with what feelings we should enter upon our undertaking. We should have no doubts as to our final success.

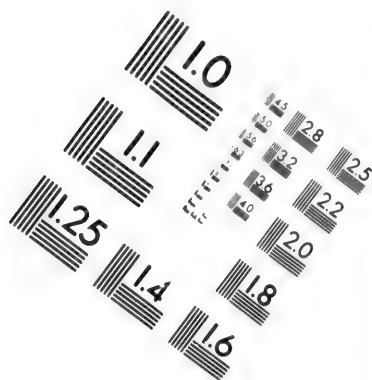
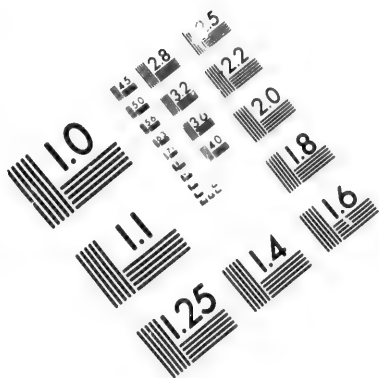
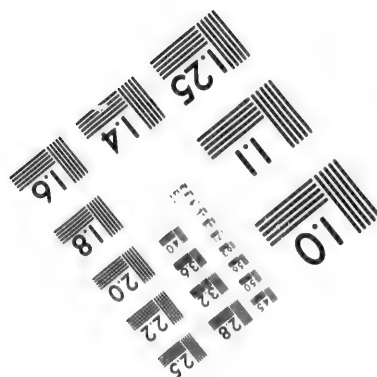
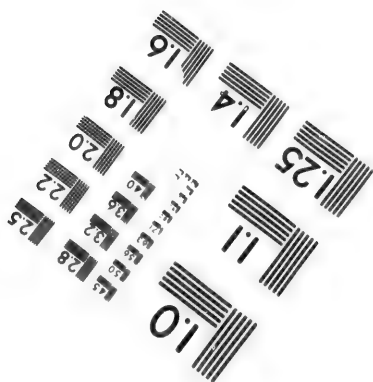
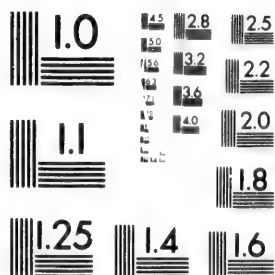


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



28
25
22
20

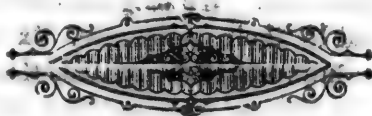
01

When Herschel ground his 2500 lenses for his great telescope, he felt confident that he could at last produce one suitable for his purpose. That confidence carried him through an amount of labor almost incredible. But he succeeded.

When Ferguson, a bare-footed shepherd, commenced his wooden watch, with its spring of whalebone, he believed he could accomplish his object, and he did. The builder of the Eddystone Light-house was a tailor, and when he declared that he would make it stand, it did stand.

We should have confidence, then, in the means about to be put into operation. We should remember that knowledge is worthy of our best attention, but she is never won by the indolent, or by those who will not make sacrifices to obtain her. We may be sure that she will be coy and cold and distant, unless we love her as the peasant loves his mistress "for her own dear sake."

But, gentlemen, remember that learning, no matter how varied—that knowledge, no matter how profound, may be worse than valueless unless they are accompanied by moral worth. Let us avoid that canker of society, sectarian and sectional feeling and thus become imbued with "The love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn."



A LETTER.

—:O:—

Vankleek Hill, — 1852.

To Rev. D. E. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Schools,
 Dear Sir:—My report, as you will observe, does not exhibit any marked improvement, neither do I anticipate much advancement until we cease to employ any but well qualified teachers. Many acknowledge the importance of education—concede at once the necessity for the general dissemination of knowledge—profess themselves the most liberal and earnest advocates of common schools—and yet they hesitate to pay the services of an efficient teacher. We want a better class of teachers; and until trustees are willing to remunerate, I would not say liberally, but fairly, teachers of attainment and ability, all hope of respectable progress is very problematical. But much as we desire to possess efficient common schools, they alone are not sufficient to meet the wants of the community. We must have grammar schools also, and in my humble opinion our legislators should give this subject their immediate attention. I record with much gratification the slight increase of the number of schools, in which the “word which liveth and abideth” is brought prominently before the minds of our common school pupils. To me a mere pleasing index to the future prosperity of the land of my adoption could not be presented. A system of education having for its foundation the lights of human reason, unaided by divine illumination may erect Coliseums, cities of Athens, &c., may create a Socrates or a Plato, have a prosperity brilliant in its ascendancy, but imperial in its character—gloomy and disponding in its fall. But attach, nay base upon God’s written word, and you build upon a

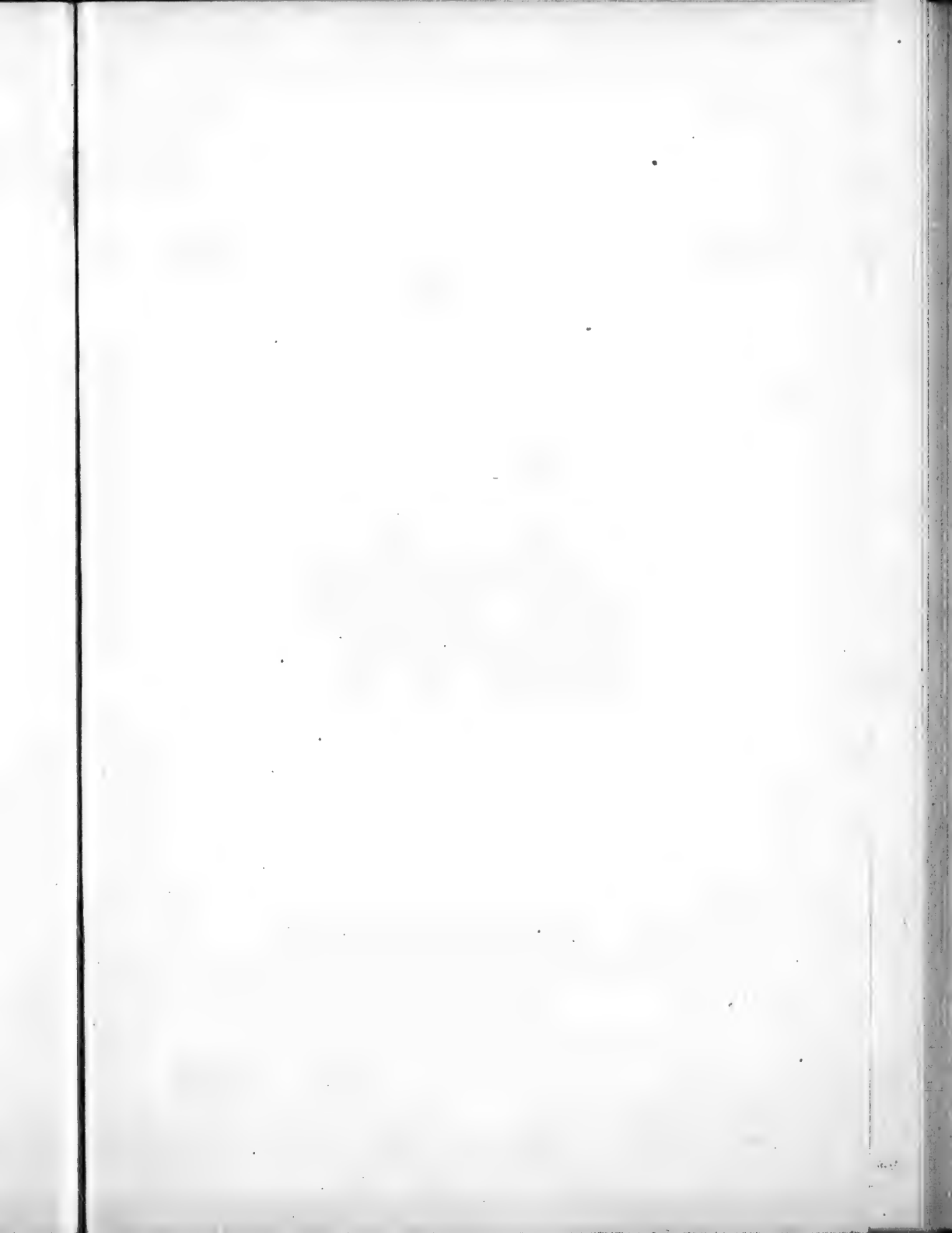
permanent and lasting basis which will defy all those powers of anarchy and tumult which so often seriously retard the upward and onward progress of every people.

Yours Truly,

Thomas Higginson, Local Supreintendent
County Prescott, Ont.



nt.





Very truly yours
J. H. Higginson

THE
LITERARY WORKS

OF

T. H. HIGGINSON,
(*Persolus*)

CONSISTING OF

PROSE  AND  POETRY.



VANKLEEK HILL:
A. W. OTTO, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER.

1888.



LINES.

THE earth is bright and beautiful,
 Yet shadows o'er it come,
 Which whisper to the toiling soul,
 "This world is not thy home;
 Seek thou some strong, enduring stay,
 Time passeth rapidly away."
 Though life may boast its frequent joys,
 Yet griefs are never dearth,
 There's ever something which alloys
 The happiness of earth;
 Pleasures entice us but to gain
 Fresh power wherewith to cause us pain.
 One, and one only, joy we find
 Which sadness cannot quell—
 Which soethes the woes of human kind—
 Lights up the captive's cell;
 Dispels the clouds with sorrows rife,
 Meets foretaste of eternal life.
 It sheds a ray of hallowed light
 Upon the wanderer's way—
 Illumes the darkness, quenches night
 In the full blaze of day:
 'Tis the meek hope, since Adam fell,
 In Him, "who doeth all things well."
 Learn then upon His Word to lean
 In confidence and trust;
 His faithful promises remain
 The bulwark of the just;
 Death and the grave but vainly seek
 To injure those He deigns to keep.



SLEEPS.

IN CHRIST'S FEAR, FAITH, AND LOVE.

MY SISTER JANE.

"There had whispered a voice; 'twas the voice of her God,—
I love thee—I love thee—*pass under the rod.*"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"And they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."—PROMISE.



PEAK to me, sister,—as when last
Thou whisperedst in my ear,
When time on rapid wing sped past
And pointed to thy bier.

I hear thee not; doth the cold grave
Deny thee words to name?
Can the dull earth in justice crave
More than thy weary frame?

Oh no! for now I hear thy voice
In swelling tones of joy;
'Tis murmuring, Rejoice! rejoice!—
Oh bliss without alloy.

In unison with golden harps
Struck by seraphic hands,
Melodiously thy voice imparts
A song of other lands.

A cheerful song of glorious praise,
The product of the TREE;
A deep-toned song of thankfulness
To Him who died for thee.

I see thee in thy robes of white,
Once crimson like mine own,
By Him made pure,—bathed in that light
Which radiates round the throne.

I see thee in thy bright attire,
Thou— a lost sinner—found
And in thy hands thou bear'st the Lyre,
The harp of solemn sound.

Thy face is calm,—of light, a ray
Sleeps on thy placid brow;
Thou smil'st upon me, call'st away
From this bleak world below.

Sister,—we mourn, but not as those
To whom no hope is given;
Thy bliss is perfected, and glows
With matchless joys in Heaven.





CHARADE.

WHERE the banners wave on the well-fought field,
 And the warrior sleeps on his dinted shield ;
 Where the helmet and lance in disorder lie,
 'Midst the proudest of earth's brave chivalry,
 My "First" dims the glory of victory.

Where the banner of peace is wide unfurled,
 O'er man's purest life, the domestic world ;
 In the humblest cot, in the princely hall,
 When the board is spread—awaits your call,
 My "Second"—a beverage pleasant to all.

These two together, with shrewdness composed,
 Will give you my "Whole," completely disclosed
 In woman's fair face beauty fades away,
 And I am the cause of its early decay.
 Then maidens, dear maidens, beware the *re-lay* !



CHARADE.

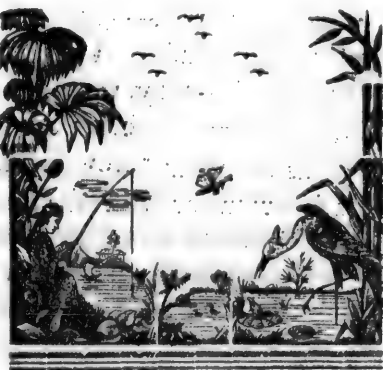

 OST ever think, love, of that shady retreat,
 Its dear tufts of pansies for true lovers meet,
 Dost think of the time, when the pale queen's
 light,

Had burnished with silver the deep shades of night;
 All nature was hushed, save the musical air,
 Which ardently played with thy tresses so fair.
 There was love in thy eyes; and where may we seek
 For hues that could rival the blush of thy cheek?
 We parted, and promised to meet soon again;
 You said that my presence would free you from pain:
 We spoke not of love:—yet your language was mixed
 With my "*first*," and the little word "*do*" prefixed.

Dost think of the time, love,—'twas late in the eve,—
 You asked me to supper, before I would leave;
 Accepted, of course,— and the table was spread,
 I conducted you forth—set you down at the head:
 There were dishes of——, but a cuisine I'm not,
 And therefore as excellent throw in the lot;
 Yet, one dish I'll mention, or rather a cup,
 Of which we both frequently took little sups;
 To the taste most delicious, of flavor mild,
 'Tis drunk by the oldest,—'tis sipped by the child,
 In color it varies;—you said you were loth
 My "*second*" to want. Herb of celestial growth.

Seek for my "*Whole*" 'mid the realms of air:
 Ye need search not the earth,—not there! not there!
 But away—away—and far upon high,
 'Mid the glittering hosts of the deep blue sky,—

Where Hesperus leadeth her starry train;
Where the Pleiads shine,—where Charles' Wain
And Orion beams—in the deep profound
Of unbounded space, I'm surely found.
I sweep through realms that rejoice in light,
Of our own bright Sun; and anon, my flight
Is through chaos deep, where the light of day,
Had hitherto shed not a single ray:
Then guess if you can; I'm a wonderful ranger,
And "T. McG." calls me "*Illustrious Stranger*."



 CHARADE.

— SEE'ST thou that form supremely fair—
 That lofty brow— the raven hair
 In curling ringlets wound ?
 Mark'st thou that eye, whose gentle light,
 Dispels the deepest shades of night ?—
 It rises on thy rapturous sight,
 And now my "*First*" you have found.

Simple sign of magic power,
 Who can estimate thy dower ?—
 Who thy worth portray ?
 Far as the heaving billows roll
 Thy mute voice cheers the weary soul,—
 Points the young mind, perfection's goal,
 My "*Second*" leads the way.

Hast thou in gloom and sadness wept—
 Thy chamber paced when others slept,
 And wished for opening day ?
 In absence hast thou friends—although
 Thy thoughts were *present*—yet, how slow
 The portboy's wheels—they come—and lo !
 My "*Whole*" thy joys display.





MUSINGS AT EVENTIDE.

When the soul seeks to hear * * * * *
 * * * * * And the heart listens.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

HOW sweet the time—how calm the light,
 Is deep'ning into shades of night;
 The shadows creep across my way—
 Above my head,
 Night's pall is spread—
 The earth is robed in garb of grey.

Upon the swaying hemlock's bough,
 Sits, silently, the noisome crow—
 Hath ceased the robin's peerless song;—
 Through the dark grove,
 Like plaint of love,
 The mournful zephyr sighs along.

On mountain top—on grassy plain,
 On yellow fields of waving grain,
 The pearly dewdrops are slowly shed—
 O'er the deep brake,
 O'er sleeping lake,
 The gathering mists are dimly spread.

But yet, though darkness shroudeth all,
 I hear the murmuring waters fall—
 The tinklings of the silver brook;—
 While from afar,
 The vesper star
 Doth greet me with a pensive look.

Oh ! joyous thought—though darkling even
Shuts out the earth—it opens heaven—
 Disclosing scenes for ever bright,
 Where troubles cease,
 And all is peace,
And Faith beholds with undimm'd sight.





"Holy be the lay
Which, mourning, soothes the mourner on his way."—ROGERS.

IN letters, and in studied phrase unskilled,
I cannot gild and polish simple thought;
Wilt thou not kindly then
Accept, tho' rude, my thanks.

I'm grateful, Edla; and would have you know
How joyously thy gentle words have stirred,
And woke the fondest hopes
Within my drooping heart.

The brightest orbs that deck the firmament,
When most they glad us with their heavenly light,
Are but the ministers
Of soothing sympathy.

The blooming earth,—yea, the whole universe,
In an accordant song, loudly proclaims
Jehovah's general law
Of our affinity.

Teaching, that he who dries the mourner's tears,
And soothes the parched fever of his heart
With fitly spoken words
Of Him who loveth us,—

Even he himself shall feel within his soul
The freshing influence of the "tender rain;"
He, gently watering,
Himself, shall watered be.

Believe me, Edla,—choice have been thy words,
And for my sake,—that "Angel-sister" shall,
In all thy darkest hours,
Brood o'er thee lovingly.

 IMPROMPTU.

METRICAL REPLIES TO "EDLA'S" QUESTIONS—"LIFE! LOVE!
DEATH! WHAT ARE THEY?"

I.

"We might be happy, but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."—BYRON.

L I F E!—'Tis a fretful, feverish dream
That plays upon the brow of time—
A vision shadowy, which seems
Too evanescent for our clime;—
A paltry nothing, fraught with pain;
In strength 'tis weakness,—only vain.

II.

"Oh, if the soul immortal be,
Is not its love immortal too?"—HUMANS.

L O V E!—What is it? Keen desire,
Memories of sunny youth,
Kindling of celestial fire,
Imaged in eternal Truth;—
Thoughts which love from earth to roam,
Seeking Heaven, their native home.

III.

"One struggle more, and I am free."—BYRON.

D E A T H!—Oh, death, how fearful thou,
Motive power of fear and dread,
Tyrant of the moment;—"now,"
Easer of the aching head;—
Ruthless cause of bitter tears,
Gentle soother of our fears.

 DELIRANTIS SOMNIUM

* * * "I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling was the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the minds of men!"

WORDSWORTH.

A wild wood waste
 Is round me, and I keenly feel,
 And strive, and haste
 To issue thence—deep shades conceal
 My path, stamp'd with night's ebony seal.

Wearied I sink
 Upon the cold and dewy sward,
 While o'er me blink
 Two fiery stars—myself their ward,
 O'er whom they keep malignant guard.

Childish I weep,
 And but this tottering feeble clay
 Forbids, and keeps
 Me bound to earth, I would not stay,
 Oh! for release from dull decay.

Alone

Thou ebony muse
 Of virtuous face, of anger rare;
 Wilt thou refuse
 To listen to my ardent prayer?
 Oh! grant relief from earth-born care.

Come thou to-night
With ample garments waving free,
On footsteps light
Oh ! quickly come, and thou shalt see,
How drear a thing it is to be.

With closed eyes
I musing wait, and faintly hear
A sound arise,
Is it a sound of potent fear ?
Why start I, as it swelleth near ?

The sounds have ceas't,
They fainter grow and die away,
Just now at least
I hear not. Yet a moment stay ?
Again returns the moving lay.

List those deep notes,
Those low muffled tones of sadness
Which round me floats ;
Breathing away all earthly badness,
Weaving around the spells of gladness.

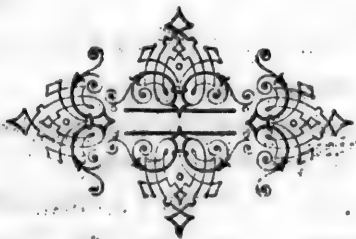
What is the theme ?
A plaintive song of bleeding love ;
A love which seems
Too pure for earth, yet from above
Broods o'er me like a fond white dove.

Its fluttering wings
The fondest melodies awake ;
Hopeful it sings,—
I thirst—Oh ! vain attempt to slake
That thirst with water from the brake.

Vainly I seek
And strive to find myself a way;
A mountain's peak
Rising, divides the realms of day.
Night clothes—fit garb—the child of clay.

Again, that voice,
In murmuring tones of quietness,
Bids me rejoice!
Nor yield myself to wretchedness,
For the soul lives in faithfulness;—

But that I ought
To Him who habiteth eternity,
With power fraught,
Bow down with faith and fear in unity,
And thus secure a bright infinity!





IMPROVISATORY.

"Thro' nature up to nature's God."—JUDAS HALLIBURTON.

I.

 H E heaving ocean,
 In muttering tones of might,
 Calls forth its billows,
 And they come, each cap't with white;
 And like free steeds, gallantly
 Tread the bosom of the sea!
 Mighty they—and yet how soon
 Yield they to the gentle moon.

II.

The blue starry vault
 Of heaven is o'er me bending;
 Soft—the night bird's song,
 With zephyrs low is blending,
 And the busy sounds of life
 Sleep—unconscious—void of strife,
 Aptly teaching there's a clime
 Far beyond the bounds of time.

III.

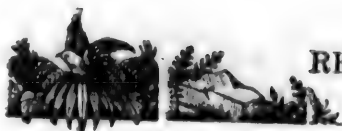
Gently flowerets bloom,
 Breathing perfume o'er the lea;
 And the evening air
 Rustles in the aspen tree,
 With a low wild melody;

Luring home the soul astray,
To those pleasant pastures, where
Fruits and flowers eternal are!

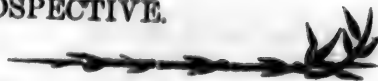
IV.

Beauteous is nature,
At all times, in every part;
Her mute language fills
With hope the weary heart.
Fair and holy—pure and true,
Most so, when to mortal view,
She displaying—we can see
In her face the Deity!





RETROSPECTIVE.



"But she is in her grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me."—WORDSWORTH.

MY youth's fond hopes, how bright
They flashed and played, until my future
life

Rich promise gave of joys unmixed with strife,
And bathed in golden light;
So fair the prospect was, that life did seem
To mock at death as if 'twere but a dream.

The seasons came and went;
But happiness arose with each new change,
And thoughtlessly I only sought to range,
Where rainbow tints were blent,—
Where the gay sunlight gladdened all the plain,
And the grave echoed every pleasant strain.

I cared not, had not known,
That brightest sons must pale and darkly set,
That fondest friends must part altho' they met,
As *Mother* and her *son*;
That even the strongest bonds of earthly love,
Must 'gainst the power of change but futile prove.

But now, the gold how dim,
Obscurity involves that road so bright,
And I seem lost—Oh! that I might
With purpose turn to Him
Who was on earth, *thy* ever present stay,
Was more— was all—*thy life! thy truth! thy way!*

TO THE MONTH.



"Then came fair May,——
Deck'd with all dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around."—SPENSER.

WELCOME May;

With thy springing buds, and thy opening flowers,
With thy shady groves, and thy fragrant bowers,
Oh I welcome thee, May.

Gladsome May,

With thy clear blue skies,—thy light flitting clouds,
Which dreamily float in the azure that shrouds,
And deep curtains thee, May.

Pleasant May.

Sweet little brooklets, let forth to their play
Murmur glad music, and joy on their way,—
They rejoice in thee May.

Joyous May

Around me is breathing; a southern wind
Blows thro' my garden so gentle and kind,
And tells me of thee, May.

Hopeful May.

The cold and damp earth is warmed by thy heat;
Death springs into life, when touched by thy feet,—
Thou great prophetess, May.

My own May

Truly tells of a new second birth;
When we shall be free'd from the winters of earth.
And live always in May.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

*(Sung by a Son over the
Grave of his Mother.)*

H! mother, did I not forbid thee to depart?—
Did I not plead, and tell thee, that thou
wouldst soon

Feel on thy faded face the balmy breath of June;
And that the summer's music soon would fill thy ear
With those sweet melodies, thou loved'st much to
hear;

That soon our bird would build again its little nest
Within the Lilac, where for years it buildeth 'erst?—

Did I not bid thee wait, and tell thee even then
Our burn had burst its bands, and babbled
through the glen;

That winter's clouds were fled? that spring was
coming fast,

And round thy wither'd form a robe of health
would cast?

Then would we roam together, I would aid thy
walk,

Whilst thou would'st gladden me with a fond
mother's talk—

Would'st mark the violet's purple leaves meekly
out-spread. [bed,

But oh! they're blooming now upon thy earthy
For thou, alas! art not, and I am here alone,
A saddened, weeping boy. Too well I know
thou'rt gone,

For there is none to soothe the

throbbings of my heart.



MEMINI LOCUM.

"There 'bright appearances' have smiled;
And angel wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between."

A LITTLE cot, embowered deep
Within a leafy shade;
Around whose door the daisies peep
From out a grassy glade;
Where stately elms and maples stand
Like guardian sentinels,
Who dearly love their native land,
And watch it close and well.

A little cot, whose moss-grown roof
Shelters a household hearth,
Where purest love ne'er stood aloof—
Where piety had birth—
Where purest hearts in love did meet
With fond simplicity—
Where lightly-tripping childish feet
Trod joyously and free.

Where time poured out with lavish hand
His blessings choice and rare;
Where gentle breezes softly fann'd
A genial atmosphere;
And where the sun shone ever bright,
And gloriously too,
As if afraid a shade should blight
His daily chosen view.

Oh ! is this not my own dear home—
The place where childhood played ;
From which with erring feet I roam,
Sad and unsatisfied ?
Then turn, thou wanderer, return ;
Turn to that blest abode,
Where thy young heart first learned to burn
With love to nature's God.



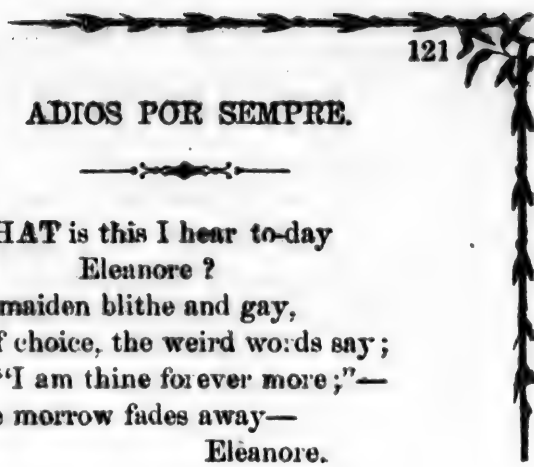
SONNET.

JUDITH.

"The beautiful Widow of Manasseh."

Oh thou brave woman's heart, that beats so high
 With inborn nobleness, a giant stay,
 Whose aid thy feebler warriors well might pray;
 Though they were Titan's sons, whose arms outvie
 The mythic gods of Saturn's warlike sky.
 Bold as the Persians, dauntless as the Medes,
 Yet weak as infants, when thou doff'd thy weeds,
 And dared the hosts of Assur's chivalry.
 Thou valiant one, who on Bethelid's plains
 Turned firmly to thy God, and sought that He
 Would move thy woman arm to clear the chains,
 And let its kindred, the oppressed go free,
 Hector himself would quail beneath thine eye—
 And memory loves thy name, fair Merari.





ADIOS POR SEMPRE.



HAT is this I hear to-day
Eleanore ?
That a maiden blithe and gay,
Shall of choice, the weird words say ;
 "I am thine forever more ;"—
Ere the morrow fades away—
 Eleanore.

Sad, indeed, such news to me,
 Eleanore ;
For a damsel such as she,
Was not made for Convent walls ;
 But to grace that cottage floor
Where her velvet footstep falls ;
 Eleanore.

But the news is true, they say,
 Eleanore.
She will garb herself in grey
And with stoled priests will pray,
 On the frosty chapel's floor,
God to keep her His alway,
 Eleanore.

Good she is as maid may be,
 Eleanore ;
Fair of form and fancy free—
Dire iconoclast ! may she
 Veil the idol we adore

Who for her have bent the knee,
Eleanore?

Ah! she wots not of the care,
Eleanore,
Of the low-voiced, anguished prayer,
Breathed in passionate despair,
From a stricken heart and sore,
That no more may do or dare,
Eleanore.

And it was not His design,
Eleanore,
That a maid should peak and pine,
Or kneel singly at His shrine,
A fruitless talent to restore—
Rather—"Here am I and mine,"
Eleanore.



 WAITING.

COME to me, darling, I'm weary and lorn,
 Pained like the nightingale breasting a thorn;
 Hope deferred lengthens the moments to years,
 And my soul slowly sickens with sorrowful fears—
 Palma, my stately one, tender and true—
 Pulsing with passion, I languish for you

Come to me, darling, I wait for thy words,
 As turbulent April awaiteth the birds,
 Whose songs are of love, of the summer to be,
 As all my affections are centered in thee;
 Palma, my stately one, tender and true—
 Pulsing with passion, I languish for you.

Come to me darling, Diana hath laid
 A tissue of silver on lake, wood and glade;
 The dewdrops in beauty bespangle the lea,
 They have kin on my eyelids while waiting for thee:
 Palma, my stately one, tender and true,
 Pulsing with passion, I languish for you.

Come to me darling, the moon wans apace,
 Come, ere she veileth her beams from thy face—
 Softly, love, softly, the moonbeams may flee,
 But fleeter than they comes the wished one to thee,
 True to the call as the moon brings the tide—
 Palma the peerless, embraces his bride.



A DIRGE

FOR JAMES HIGGINSON DOYLE.



I.

THE woods are changed, and now is heard
Throughout their cloisters dim
The plaintive pipe of Pity's bird—
The summer's requiem.



Oh! Robin Redbreast! birdie most to little children dear,
Breathes soft and low thy plaintive notes, in sympathy sincere.

II.

Within the garden, lying low,
The lily droops its head;
The last faint winds of summer blow—
The Royal Rose is dead!
But, Robin, tune again thy pipe, and fill the listening ear;
Sweet Pity's bird, thy funeral dirge—for lo! the little bier!

III.

The lily, simbl's innocence,
Of flowers the rose is pride—
Thus fragrant is the pure incense
Of the little boy that died.
We loved him so—oh! birdie dear, beneath yon willow's
shade,
Lift up thy loftiest matin song—be there thy vespers said.

IV.

Bring from the groves the daintiest leaves
That summer's glories gave—
The mourning chaplet autumn weaves,

To strew upon his grave.
 Oh! pile them deep, they'll keep him warm throughout the
 dying year;
 Thus deftly place them, coyly wreath them round the little
 bier.

V.

For, Robin, in the springtime, he
 Would at the window sit,
 To list thy flute like minstrelsy,
 And try to rival it—
 And call thee pretty. Oh, thou sweet!—sweets to the sweets
 we must—
 That heart so pure, those hands so clean, when sepulchred
 in dust.

VI.

Sweet bird, his song to-day, we know,
 Doth far out-rival thine;
 Where living waters gently flow,
 He warbles strains divine;
 His changed voice, in harmony, rolls with the tide sublime—
 That sea of song whose surges smite the sullen shores of time.

VII.

Now, Robin, fly, the winter's breath
 Is at the window pane;
 And though he sleeps the sleep of death,
 Yet will he rise again—
 The little boy who loved the bird—mother, let grief be dumb
 And weep not, for he yet will rise—Father, "Thy kingdom
 come!"



TO ZOE OF ZEA.

I.

MANY, many radiant dreams love
 Do I owe to thee,
 Visions bright, of purling streams love
 dancing to the sea;
 Whispering so gently, and forever the same,
 The Sibylline spell of thy sibilant name.

II.

Visions of the fair and pure love,
 Such as earth hath not,
 Memories that will endure love
 Without blur or blot,
 All fitfully telling me—"Nurture thy pain,
 For loves plaintive song, must awaken refrain."

III.

Thus I fondly dream and hope love
 Through the night and day,
 And thou art the lofty cope love
 O'er me when I pray,
 An unseen presence, felt to be beside me,
 And be it there, I seek not what betide me.

IV.

Ah!—the dreams,—the dreams are fair love,
 but they are not life;
 I would give them all to air love
 Just to call thee wife:—
 Whispering beside thee, and forever the same
 The Sibylline spell of thy sibilant name.

SONNET TO
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

O H! happiest they of all earth's
children born,
Who hold a holy faith as thou dost
thine,

Bending no wayward knee before

their shrine,

Thy bosom anguished with the paining thorn.

Yet holding fast the faith, till fairer morn

Breaks o'er the troubled land of care and pain,

As breaks on parched soil the summer rain.

Then ply thee at thy task till it be done:

For death's dark night looms in the eastern
sky,

And sure the heated race thou'lt bravely run,

Thy lofty purpose is to win or die.—

Nor drop thee in thy course, a myriad eyes

Watches thee at the gates of Paradise.





GO!—shroud thy face, and pall thy light,
And hide thy track amid the spheres;
Nor try to cheer the darksome night—
The night of tears.

For thy pale beams, however pure,
Tinge all things with a ghastly light;
And make the garden as the moor,
A painful sight.

Go,—shroud thyself, shut from my view
All that of earth thou thinkest fair;
Thou too, art false and all untrue
Thy kindest care.

To-night you shine from me to wile
The sadness of the day that's past;
To-morrow night perchance that smile
Is overcast.

Then leave me, and let darkness rest
Supreme upon her ebon throne;
For, from within my troubled breast
Hath gladness flown.

Thus is it with me,—life is vain,
And love a dream that may not be;
'Till thro' the moonshine smiles again
My own Zaidee.



A DOGGEREL DRINKING SONG.

(Air "*Bonnie Dundee*."

I.

NO vassals are we to bow low to a lord,
 To bend at his bidding, or oringe at his word,
 But jolly good sawyers, and workmen are we,
 And to *worth*, we give homage where'er it may be,
 All honor we pay, to whom honor is due;
 Nor care we a fig for Wells Aylen or crew;
 Then let this be our toast, while each man his glass fills,
 Health and wealth to his Honor of Hawkesbury Mills.

II.

His flag is unfurled, and his trumpet is blown
 By true men and free men who dub him their own,
 From the River Du Nord, to the Grand Calumet,
 Wright and Cooke, are cooked right, that's as much
 as to say;
 That Bellingham now may retreat to his tub,
 And Cooke may remain where he stuck in the mud
 While this is our toast, as each man his glass fills,
 Health and wealth to his Honor of Hawkesbury Mills.

III.

May the years as they speed on fleet wings to the past
 Still find that his colors are nailed to the mast,
 That his hearthstone is bright, and the coal in his
 grate
 Glows as warm as the hearts of the poor at his gate;

While the click of the mills still his motto prove true,
For strong men and staunch men will put the saws
 through,
And this is their toast, as each man his glass fills,
Health and wealth to his Honor of Hawkesbury Mills.

IV,

Drink,—the voice of the Sault, as it surges along,
And the peaks of the Lawrentines echo our song,
May the firm aye be worthy its founder of old
Who brought to their wild woods the era of gold;
And as each generation, glides past to the tomb,
May another just like it in full vigor bloom,
Then as now, be the toast, as each man his glass fills,
Health and wealth to his Honor of Hawkesbury Mills.





IN EXILE.

TURBULENT, tossing to and fro,
 In silent sorrow, fear and dread;
 My troubled thoughts resistless flow
 Adown a homeward channel led.

What is their theme that they alway,
 At eventide, should fevered be?
 Ah, home and rest! Night's voices say,
 Alike to bird, and beast and bee.

And finite man—may he not hear
 And understand the night wind's call,
 As doth the creatures made to fear
 His god-like kingdom o'er them all!

And shall not he whose nascent life
 Was bound by love in tenderest ties,
 Though hedged amid unceasing strife,
 Long for domestic charities?

Kingship may wear a regal crown—
 What saith the proverb of the head?
 The star that rose at eve goes down,
 Perforce, before the night is fled.

Discard the crown and ease thy pain,
 Saith Wisdom to the royal race—
 Stars may go down but yet again
 Will throb in their appointed place.

The words are true. Oh, happy hope!
Though darkness shrouds the mountain's breast,
A crimson trail leads up its slope,
And light and glory gild its crest.

Thither I haste through darksome ways,
Not all unlearned the lesson given—
Back to the hearth of sinless days—
From thence a guide shall lead to Heaven!





"Tota timens, macte virtute."—VIGIL.

AS when from the Creators hand
 The glorious orb of day was flung;
 Space thrilled beneath His first command.
 Ere order out of chaos sprung;
 "Let there be light" His high behest, He spake and
 it was done,
 And primal darkness paled away before the Rising Sun.

So drear despair, and darksome doubt,
 Throughout these dim beclouded days,
 With sin, and error, suffers rout,
 Exposed to Truths imperial rays;
 "Let there be light" O God, we cry, for life and light
 are one,
 Make Thou the night of evil pale before our Rising
 Sun.

We are but dust—we meekly bow,
 Submissive at Thy throne of grace;
 For we are weak, and frail, but Thou
 Canst lead us to a resting place;
 We seek Thine aid, our way is, dark, our course but
 just begun.
 Speak Thou the word, the work is Thine, and bless
 the Rising Sun.

Virtue and knowledge here shall meet,
Where Love and Peace each other Kiss,
And Faith and Truth shall fondly greet,
While christian charity will bless—
Alike the giver and his gift—whose work of mercy
done,
In weakness here, shall one day shine bright as the
Rising Sun.

Here sheltered safe the weak shall dwell,
Secure from harm, walled in by love:—
Here songs of lofty cheer shall swell
A prelude to the chants above;
Worthy the Word, whose loving grace from the des-
troyers won,
A falling mortal by the means of this our Rising Sun.

So shall its beams pervade all space,
Revealing virtues comeliness;
And to the stricken of our race
Make clear the way from their distress;
That casting off besetting sins, they fleet of foot may
run
Their pathway radiant in the beams of the uprising
Sun.





OUR INSIGNIA.

WHEN first we sought, from paths of sin
 To wile a brother's wayward feet;
 We knew that Love would surely win,
 The wanderer to our safe retreat;
 And centered in our bright Rosette
 A Rosebud, blushing red we set.

And there to silence slanders tongue,
 And close the babbling lips of wine;
 An Angel's Robe of white we flung
 (To symbol Purity divine),
 Around the Rosebud—thus we set
 The Lilly in our pure Rosette.

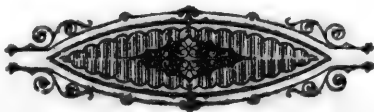
But Love is fickle, may prove vain;
 Nor Purity is safe when lone;—
 Of Violets blue we wove a chain
 To bind the triad to their throne;
 And there they bloom, unchanging yet,
 Red, White and Blue, in our Rosette.

But with experience, knowledge grew,
 For flowers will fade, tho' rich and rare;
 So opening up our gates anew,
 We welcomed in the Ladies fair:
 Fidelity, in them, hath set
 The other twain in our Rosette.

And thus we "children of the Sun
 With hearts of fire" unflagging seek,

To lift the fallen and undone,
Retrieve the errant, aid the weak,
Wearing without, this badged Rosette
Within the shadowed thing is kept.

A mother's gentle hand will guide,
A sister cheer each faltering soul;
That other "alter ego" glide
Beside us to the wished for goal:
Then wonder not, that we should let
A woman wear our hearts' Rosette.





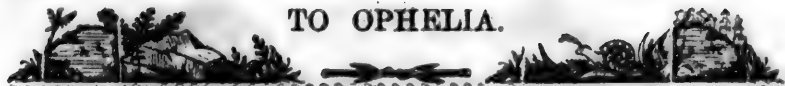
"Now, joy for the cross to-day!"—

A LMA, thy name we love ; though well we know
 That thy dark plain is crimson'd with the blood,
 Of those, whom most we loved on earth below ;—
 Of those, whose memory, like a rushing flood,
 Bids fevered eyes again to over flow ;—
 And hearts to beat, and yearn for their beloved,
 Who come no more, for they, the fond and brave
 Have nobly bled, weakness from power to save.

We know, alas, we know our loved ones sleep
 On the cold bosom of a foreign land,
 And then ever more, to kiss, and breathless weep,
 And clasp the throbbing brow, with gentle hands :—
 To watch, the longing eye, and silent keep
 It fixed upon its own,—last parted band
 Which only breaks, when pulseless is the clay,
 And the "dark glass" is shattered,—cast away.

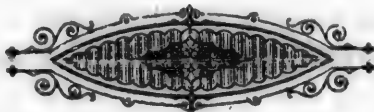
We know all this, and yet we love thy name,
 Bright epitaph upon the speaking tomb
 Of Europe's landed freemen ;—love is tame,
 Too tame, we venerate, adore ;—thy gloom
 When deepest, cannot hide fair fame,
 Or dim the writing of the Tyrants doom,
 For Britain's mighty dead ! sleep on thy trampled sod,
 And where they sleep, the sod, is consecrated to God.

TO OPHELIA.



"There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance;
Pray you, love, remember.
And there's Pansies,—that's for thought.—HAMLET.

OH my dear maid, I thank thee for thy gift;
'Tis sad, yet fair, indeed 'tis very fair,
'Tis like, alas! 'tis too much like thyself;
As it is purely fair, even so is it
Most weak, and sadly frail, though it be bruised
And sorely broken, still is it lavish
Of its fragrance, and full of gentleness;
Rudely pluck'd from its stem, nay, not, rudely,
Was it not gathered by thy gentle hand?
Thou like these flowers, now drooping with decay,
Dost meekly woo my fondest sympathy.
Will not this sprig of Rosemary recall
The sweetest memories of vanished joys;
Thy simple Pansies, too, will furnish me
With drifting clouds of tender, silent, thought;
Thoughts which will closely bind the golden past,
The phantom future, and this sad present,
Into a single moment,—that moment,
My existence, and that wholly thine;—
Oh! poor Ophelia, like those flowers art thou,
Both fair, and frail, and fond, and broken.



1858.

MY years diminish; day by day
I feel my pulses weaker grow;
Yet I'll repine not, nor will say
How bitterly I feel their flow.

Unenvied, and unknown I sweep
Along the common stream of time,
Tears would relieve me could I weep,
Religion save me could I climb.

The light of hope—if light at all—
Has deepened to an ashen gray;
Vainly for love or death I call,—
I get no answer when I pray.

A dull routine of sordid strife,
Mid toiling worshippers of gold,
Is still before me; of my life,
When this is known, there's nought untold.



TO MDLLE. LAURA B—



AREWELL! I would not recal the word,
 Did I not know that part we must—
 Be mine a brighter hope and trust,
 Than miser-like to hide my hoard.

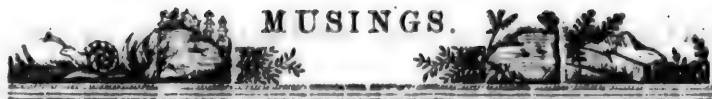
Be mine, the strong enduring heart
 That checked for joy, and moved to grief,
 Still bows submissive in belief,
 That for the best is sorrow's dart.

For often that which most we dread
 Is but a phantom of the brain,
 A troubled thought—a thought insane—
 That darkly shadoweth love's bed.

In this brisk world of changing time,
 We cannot always hope to glide,
 Forever on the self-same tide—
 Forever in a sunny clime.

Then go, and when the silver-horn
 Is tremulous with the breath of fame,
 And myriad voices laud thy fame,
 Exultant on the breezes borne.

I'll sit and muse of hours that thou
 Hast gladdened with thy gentle voice,
 Of darkness lightened, and rejoice
 That myrtle wreathes my Laura's brow.



MUSINGS.

"We ceased; a gentler feeling crept
 Upon us; surely rest is meet:
 'Then rest,' we said, 'the'r sleep is sweet.'
 And silence followed, and we wept."—*In Memoriam.*

STRANGEST thoughts, the retroactions of a melancholy
 mood
 Wander fitful through my mind, like fleeting shadows
 through a wood:

Like the quivering, wanton moonbeams, softly peeping
 thro' the trees,
 Dancing in and out like fairies sporting 'mid the fluttering
 leaves.

Even thus doth thoughts of time past, vaguely, vaguely
 shift and change,
 Mingling quaint and curious fancies with the wonderful and
 strange.

It is meet that it should be thus, for 'tis now the peaceful
 even,
 And the mild, suggestive astral lights reveal the depths of
 heaven.

On the lowly earth the dew lies, clothing every tender
 blade,
 In that pure and chastened beauty with which virtue robes
 a maid,

And the callings of the nightwinds, as they whisper in
 mine ear,

Hath the tones of fairy music stealing from a hidden mere.
 Everything is weird and phantom-like: the shadow of the
 mill
 Seems a veiled spirit weeping where our loved ones sleep
 so still.

And the meteor little firefly, starting from the silent heath,
 Is symbolic of the rising of the pure who lie beneath—

Breaking thro' the dim and darkened with a fresh created
 sight,
 Bursting thro' the drear and rayless into everlasting light.
 O! though change may dim the lustre of the bright and
 burnished gold,
 Though he nip the warm and loving with his fingers lank
 and cold;

Though he sweep away the gentle, who made glad our
 household hearth;

Though he blast the fondest fellowships that ever dwelt on
 earth;

Though he revel in destruction, insatiate of death,
 Like the false Judean kissing but to poison with his breath.

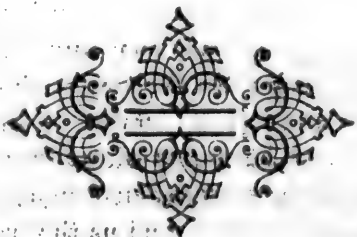
There's a limit to his governance, an ending to his years,
 A night when he himself shall feel anxieties and fears.—

The Avenger's on his track; swift and sure of foot is He;
 And His banner bears these glorious words, "I make my
 people free."

TO NOVEMBER.

HILL and surly as thou art, yet I love thee, November; thou season of the "sere and yellow leaf." The young but seldom wish for thy coming; for thou weardest not an aspect promotive of pleasurable sensations, and thy gloomy and lowering skies accord not with the sunny hopes and towering aspirations of the springtide of life; and yet, though young, I love thee. I love thee for thy ever shifting clouds, which now are piled together in solid grandeur, and anon dispersed, in drifting flakes, sweep through the ærial vault. I love thee for thy fitful gales that rise like the fretful sleeper's dream—there is the rush of the tempest, 'tis but for a moment, and all is quietness and peace. Oh, I love those chilling blasts, which in mournful cadence makes musical the solitary forest. And I have heard, Oh joy, the low wild moanings of thy viewless winds flit across the dreary heath. The beaming month of May comes to us rejoicing in its sprouting buds and opening blossoms, and her gentle violets peep from the verges of their chill beds of snow—the last and fading reliques of departed winter's power. We hear the humming of the busy bee; the grove is vocal with the early songster's warblings; and the summer months succeeding shed around us the rich fragrance of maturing fruits and flowers, and all the earth appears to revel in the calm and cloudless skies of June. And yet, November, I love thee far the best; thy season lulleth not to forgetfulness; for in thy whirling vapours I mark the evidences of wild excitement and of powerful emotion; and

I love thee because that I, so unlike the noblest or the meanest sons of time, have found in thee a sympathising friend—a loved companion; thou art my natal month, and dear as a mother thou art indeed to me. Thou imagest my life, nay, more, thy frequent and fitful changes, thy decaying leaves which rustle in my path, teach me that life is fleeting; from the midst of thy general gloom and despondency thou leadest me to drink, yea, to bathe my weary limbs in that river of life, whose waters are pure as crystal, and whose streams make glad the city of our God; and when troubled with the ills of life, to seek for shelter where it only may be found, even with Him who is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."



AN AFTERNOON AT LEISURE.

—o—



HAVE just escaped from the weary counting-house. What a glorious renovator is the clear light of day, as it strikes around me, undimmed by dusty and curtained windows: how refreshing the breeze! But if you would estimate its value aright, come and sit with me in a close office, and for long hours pore over extended accounts current, concentrating all thought and attention on the double columns of implacable figures; follow it for a few days only, and then what saith the breezes? Oh, how gratefully they fan the fevered brow, and wipe from the countenance every evidence of trying thought; they give strength and vigor to your footsteps, and are fraught with life and health. Do you not feel that the weary physical frame is undergoing a complete renewal? Your head has ceased to throb—the stiff features of the man of business are relaxing and assume a smile—not, however, like the smile you wore a few minutes ago in the counting-house, for it was confined to the lip,—and this is frank and open, and each feature in your countenance seems to vie with the other in producing it. This is a *feeling* smile, and evidences thus:—The little boy who would play at your office window, and “not otherwise or elsewhere,” is no longer an annoying little brat; he is a fine, hearty, playful little fellow, and you pat him kindly on the head. The ragged, pale, thin-faced little girl who pleads so earnestly for alms, even a single copper,—what of her? Is her importunity the more brawlings of a worth-

less beggar? or do you recognise in her faint voice, the earnest pleadings of the

"Homeless child of want and woe?"

If not, where did the change come from? Need I say more; is there not healing in the breeze?

But I am for the mountain; not the hoary Alp or towering Appenine of distant lands, which my neighbors have visited and cease not to rave about in all conceivable manner of extravaganza stanzas, but the Mountain at the door, our own green-crested mount, Mount Royal. I am wending my way through the grove which shrouds its base, or rather robes it to its summit in a garb of fairest foliage; about midway the ground is gently undulating, and the grove so void of underbrush, that a childish fancy strikes me very forcibly,—it seems as if the scene were laid in merry Sherwood Forest, and it does not require a very great stretch of imagination to people the place with the bold Robin and his merry-men. Oh yes, although only in miniature, yet here are the openings,—the pleasant glades, the jagged jutting rock, and ancestral trees. How strange that the great battle of life, wearing and trying though it be, yet ever fails to eradicate even the earliest impressions of childhood; slight little incidents of my earliest years appear to be more deeply rooted in my memory than perhaps very important occurrences of yesterday.

But I must hasten, for the sun is declining, already the shadows are slowly stealing up the breast of the mountain—its bare is wrapt in gloom o'ershadowed—But the bluff, towards which I am hastening, is still refulgent with the golden rays of the setting sun. That old tree, which I thought looked so bare and desolate, as it stood forth upon the bare cliff, appears now as if chased in purest gold. Let

me rest for a moment on this projecting granite, while I stay myself up securely by the trunk of this little sapling which clings so closely to its rugged bed, below me, and a little to the right I observe a monumental column, in honor of whom I know not, as I did not notice it until now—its location is very beautiful, and I am glad it is there, for when most satisfied with the beauty of earth, then do I most distinctly hear the whisperings of the cold grey stone. I like to look down at it standing so quietly amid the sighing branches of the grove,

Where weeps the birch with silver bark,
And long dishevelled hair,

Again facing the mountain's brow, clinging here to a projecting root and there to a slight twig, I clamber upwards, and now I have attained the summit; I gaze with strong emotion upon the glowing prospect, but I use no superlatives, because I cannot use them; under like circumstances I have ever failed adequately to give expression to thought; I cannot give life to my words—without emotion they are useless. Neither need I attempt, by language, to cleave my way through the wilderness of joyous thought in which I am lost to all save self and Deity. I attempt, for I can but attempt a description of the prospect. Here have we indeed

A blending of all beauties, streams and dells;
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, river,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

Looking southward, the foaming rapid of the "Long Sault" is visible; and following the river in its course, my eye rests upon St. Helen's Island, stemming the waters with its green banks. Here is a magazine for the safe keeping of that dangerous article, gunpowder. There is also an armoury, in which are stowed away all manner of implements

of war. What a pity that the pointed steel is necessary as the safeguard of a nation's liberty. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when contending forces shall cease to be—when our peace shall be firm and lasting, because secured through the Prince of Peace.

Between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal, the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence pass, forming the Current St. Marie. Eastward, I observe the apex of a mountain wreathed in the brilliant sunset; this is the famous and fashionable Belœil, signifying, I believe, a fine view, or, perhaps more literally, a *good eye*, and then stretching away till they are lost in the distance, appear the green hills of Vermont. Turning westward, I mark the river Ottawa, its shores studded with little villages, prominent among which is that of St. Annes, celebrated by the facile pen of Tom Moore, in the popular "Canadian Boat Song. Turning slightly to the north, the glittering spires of a parish church display themselves. This is the village of St. Eustache, on the Riviere du Chene. Other villages appear, and are plainly indicated by the tin covered spires of their churches. Confining my view, I have the Little River, a branch of the Ottawa, and which again subdivided, washes the shores of the fertile Isle Jesu. Before me are the happy homesteads of the rugged tillers of the soil, a class of people whom, as a class, I most respect, for I have mingled with the homespun grey, and have been well content to occupy a rustic stool in the kitchen, not because I am, or would be, what is commonly styled a sentimentalist, but because I found a satisfying enjoyment in their affectionate and simple pastimes,—because I liked to look up into the open honest face, and there, in characters the plainest and most unmistakable, read man.

Immediately below me, on the slope of the mountain, lies the Mount Royal Cemetery, a most beautiful location;—its sunny slopes, its pleasant vales and murmuring streams, with rustic bridges thrown across;—fit, indeed, is the place for the dead we loved. From where I stand, the proud columns or expensive tablets in honor of titled wealth are visible; and by their side appears the rude post which marks the last resting place of one unknown to wealth and fame,—and whose virtues, if he had any, sleep with him unlettered, or living, live only in the memory of former associates. Thus let my epitaph be written,—

“For what are crowns and sceptres, power and fame,
And plaudits echoed by a nation’s breath,
A noble ancestry and mighty name,
When summoned to thy presence chamber, Death?

What are the hatchment and the banner brave,
The buckler, helm and spear suspended high?
Ask loud the question!—catechise the grave!
Dust! darkness! silence!—This is the reply!”

The sun is set, and yet the ceaseless hum of rumbling wheels in the busy city are distinctly heard; and hark, from the tower of St. George’s Chapel, steal in upon my ear, the mellow tones of the vesper bell. Often do I shudder and start with fear when I hear the first solemn, warning tone of the church bell; but eventually, those low deep notes which agitate, become soft and musical,—and in the sweetly chiming cadences, I hear a still small voice, inviting me to

• • • • • Snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest—to heaven.

The shades of evening are gathering and conceal the pleasant landscape, yet even more beautiful is the picture disclosed. The mists are languidly creeping o’er the vale, the sounds of busy life become less distinct, and I hear only the murmuring of waters, as even in darkness they hurry on—

ward; the stately queen of night drapped in fleecy clouds is journeying upwards, and now the whole

* * * * * Floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.

The busy bee on humming wing has passed chanting its way hiveward; I too, yet pensively, retrace my steps, and lest I be uncourteous through forgetfulness, dear reader (if I have one) good night.



ANSWER THE CABMAN.

 POLITENESS is a word of whose meaning thousands assume comprehension, while they cannot give it a clear definition;—too many think that their affected ‘Please Sir,’ and ‘Allow me Madame,’ is the very pink of courtesy. In my opinion, they are much mistaken. Politeness is not the use of precise terms, of chosen words, and euphonious sentences. It is rather a feeling, a genuine emotion, a practical exemplification of that great law “Which we had from the beginning, that we love one another,” and as such will assuredly cull for itself the most appropriate language. How few are truly polite, and of these few, how fewer still are they, who have spent two shillings on a manual of etiquette, much less studied the more elaborate pages of Lord Chesterfield, or the silly twaddle published under the most gracious patronage of Count d’Orsay.

These thoughts were suggested by a trivial little circumstance which occurred a few evenings ago. Walking leisurely along in company with a friend, we observed, slightly in advance of us, a couple of gentlemen, arm in arm, turning from Notre Dame up M’Gill Street. They were accosted by a cabman,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?” The gentlemen did not want a cab, neither did they deign to reply. Passing on in silence, and coming immediately upon the scene of action, we heard from the lips of the disappointed Jehu, a sarcastic exclamation, certainly neither dignified, polite, nor pious. Our turn came next, and I must say not in a pleasant or agreeable tone of voice, was the solicitation extended to us,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? want a cab?” My friend replied,—“No thank you, not to

night," and thus all further discussion or colloquy ceased. A few yards further on, we were again greeted with the same almost interminable interrogatory,—“Want a cab, gentlemen? won't you take a drive?” and again did my friend *trouble* himself to reply. Here then was the exercise, the demonstration of true politeness. The deportment of a great majority of our cabmen is certainly not quite *au fait* or *debonair*, yet even the most uncivil are subject to the influence of courtesy, and when properly treated, lose much of that rudeness, which they otherwise indulge in so frequently; and if we would glide smoothly adown the rapid stream of life, we must learn to live—

“Respecting, in each other's case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.”

Remember my caption, then, and try in the little, as well as the great things of life, to cultivate and exercise the spirit which prompted my friend to reply to the cabman, and my word for it, you will thereby pass beyond the reach of either odium or insult, and most assuredly will you escape unpleasant public reflections. Except to the criminally vile, common courtesy is a duty we owe to all; and a duty faithfully discharged is ever productive of satisfaction. With—

“Gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.”

Would you add to that beauty, deriving therefrom the sure reward of pleasure, then, *answer the cabman!*



NITIMUR SPE.

 SUBJECTED to almost continual vicissitudes, and wearied by endless toils, we should, were it not for the exalted and refreshing influences of hope, be sure to droop and falter on our way; but so wonderfully are we fashioned by the creative hands of Infinite wisdom, that what at first sight strikes us a weakness, becomes by a slight modification in itself the cause of power. Thus it is that grief when closely pent up within a swelling heart, almost crushes us with its oppression; but the cause of our suffering attaining its maturity, and when most overpowering, gives us relief in gushing floods of tears, the previous pain has but fitted us more fully to appreciate the subsequent relief; in such cases all our experience goes to establish the paradox, that even tears, those semblances of grief, are blessed things. From the cradle to the grave, through all the changing scenes of this mortal life, does hope ever present a bright future, a glowing picture of happiness to come. This cheers us on through the deepest despondency; indeed, bereft of these light, sunny visions, our boasted human progress would become a miserable nothingness. Shakspeare says, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

“Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.”

And again, in King Richard III., we find the following much more forcible couplet :—

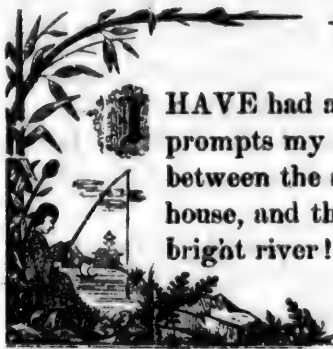
“True hope is swift, and flies with swallows’ wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.”

Hope is most peculiarly the property of the good, the "Friend of the brave in peril's darkest hour," to which intrepid virtue looks for power. But why multiply quotations, for who has ever touched the shell, and failed to sing of joyous hope?

"Hope on, ever," is a very frequently uttered sentiment, and one comprehensive of wisdom; and when it becomes that confiding, enduring hope, which "hopeth all things," it is no longer merely a shadower of sublunary wisdom, but is a real expositor of eternal truth. Bursting into a divine flame, it dissipates the gloom that shrouds the night of death, till even the starless grave shines gloriously; and then, and only then, does it escape the sweeping assertion of the preacher; for behold, it is no longer vanity.



"THE SHIPS, HE CRIED, THE SHIPS OF
THE LONELY ISLES."



— o —

HAVE had a pleasant ramble, and enjoyment prompts my wanton pen. What a difference between the sultry sluggish air of the counting-house, and the cooling grateful breeze from our bright river! Often have I fancied that I met it, like a strange and bewildered wanderer, struggling to find its way through the close dusty streets.

I would feel a refreshing puff upon my face, but ere I had time to catch a single inspiration, 'twould be gone, completely lost in the choking pent-up atmosphere, that rots within our city and its suburbs.

I am very fond of ships. In days not very far "Lang Syne," one of my most valued playthings, was a miniature ship, ingeniously constructed with a leaden keel. Often did I wade through mud-puddles, after my little boat; which, though but a toy, and perhaps sailing in a wash-tub, I looked upon as

"A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain;"

and on board of which I had hair-breadth escapes innumerable, from long low polacres, and rakish privateers; but I was not always the "chase" for the glory of our country, and the honor of that country's meteor flag. I had the satisfaction of soundly drubbing, in many exciting engagements, and finally capturing a certain "Paul Jones," who much troubled my budding patriotism; inasmuch as he had

(vide the appendix to an American edition of Walker's Dictionary) frequently, with half the weight of metal, half the men, and despite the most adverse winds, and all other such considerations, succeeded in hauling down our proud flag, even on its own imperial seas. We had martial law in those days; and be sure, I never, saw as much grace and elegance in the varying motion of the yard arm of my little ship, as I did when my hated enemy depended therefrom. But I must close the gates, or the stream of memory will overwhelm me in its rushing flow.

Broad rivers have abrupt turnings, just like little rills; so also, doth the strange metaphysical faculty of thought, whether in a small or great mind, abruptly change its tour. Thus justified, I am again in the present, and strolling along our wharves. I amuse myself by comparing the build and rigging of the different vessels in front; and although a mere land lubber, unable to see either as a seaman or ship-builder, I cannot fail to notice a giant form and strength in their blackened hulls. And when my eye follows the graceful, airy cordage, from the staunch bulwarks to the summits of the towering masts, a clear sense of Hogarth's line of beauty fills my mind. No matter how much begrimed with tar, or how funeral its color, a beautiful thing is a ship. And every one that lies along the dock, the trim brig from the Indies, as well as the dignified three-mast vessel hailing from some noted port far across the sea, all are rich in pleasant and stirring associations. How many sunny seas have they sailed through; and again, how often has their canvass been torn to shreds, and their stately masts made to bend, like wands, before the storm king's power. Here is one very much shattered, her figure-head carried away, doubtless in some fierce conflict with the treacherous deep, now

safely moored in a peaceful haven ; she is gently bobbing up and down, as if in sympathy with the full pulsations of the noble stream on which she rests. The little waves ripple laughingly along those sturdy sides, where once the mountain billow lashed itself to foam ; the masts are bare and naked, as when she lay rocked

"In the cradle of the rude imperious surge ;"

Or when,

"In the visitation of the winds,
Who takes the ruffian billows by their tops,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,"

she sped before the driving gale, her groaning timbers throbbing with energetic life.

But there is a ship in motion ; a pretty name too, the "Sunrise," with her bow turned eastward, (how fitting !) she is clearing the port. There is danger on the sea, but no evidence of fear with her ; the gay pennon that flutters from her mast, appears the very personification of that daring hope, which is so repeatedly successful. I hold no Bills of Lading from her captain, yet am I interested. Whither away, thou ship ? 'Tis a startling question. Ask whither away !



MEN OF ONE IDEA.



HERE are few current phrases which we find more difficult of satisfactory comprehension than our caption. It is conventionally applied to rivet so many diverse conclusions in our political, social and religious controversies, that to fix its place and estimate its value, is a most embarrassing task, perhaps not unlike the difficulty experienced by the swineherd who would have numbered the youngling of his drove incessantly upon the move, but gave up in despair because there was a little speckled one who was in and out and round about so much he could not count him.

Of the multitude of derogatory phrases and absurd nicknames which pass into circulation daily, but a small proportion accomplish a lengthened existence, because there must be a propriety and fitness of the words to the things, that shall be unmistakeable to the commonest or most superficial observer.

When a name clings enduringly to a sect or party, we may be satisfied, Juliet to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is something in a name, although what that something is our philosophy may but vainly attempt to discover or determine. The required conditions it would appear have been compiled with in the phrase, "Men of One Idea," for it has lived long, and shows as yet no symptoms of decay. For our first introduction to the term we are indebted to a school of modern social reformers whose elaborate dispositions upon the evils springing directly from drinking customs of society, were not only zealous and con-

tinuous, but absolutely intrusive; originally selected from their peculiar technology, it promises to abide with them, reckless alike of denunciatory rhetoric or sarcastical oburgation. Teetotalers object to and are annoyed by its use; it is to them a waspish irritation, the more so because they know "They nursed the pinion that impelled the steel."

But may we not enquire if this feeling of vexation and displeasure, does not spring as much from a morbid sensitiveness to satirical intent, as to the satire itself? We believe it can be so proven; nor are teetotalers the only persons who flinch at the sound of some dreadful name. We all know how soothing Dan O'Connell vanquished the chattering Charwoman with the sonorous nomenclature of Geometry. Although victory perched upon the helm of the spirited virago, whose onslaught was fierce and terrible as the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, Dan's big guns were too much for her; the bravery of mortals may thunder

"Into the jaws of death
Up to the gates of Hell,"

but beyond that,—no—and so the Batavians fed valor of the vixen paled in terror and dismay before the weird weapons of mystery. Such encounters as these are more frequent than we could fancy until directing attention to them. Some ponderous Doctor of Divinity, Medicine or Law, whose learning and pretension thereto bear the ratio of Falstaff's bread and sack, will foreclose discussion and silence his common sense adversary with a high sounding professional technicality; for, and we write it with pain, the representations of the learned professions do stoop to betray the honor of a gentleman which is always the heritage of scholar by a subterfuge so wholly unworthy and unbecoming.

Touchstone with inimitable address pursues a similar

course with his sweetheart—the slather Audrey—until the poor wench in her almost absolute ignorance, is driven to the wall by rhetorical puns as sense subduing as a learned pedants, freshly coined Greek, and as she cannot understand, there comes a vague fear that it is bad, and the natural query—Is it sin? The shadowy and undefined ever excites apprehensions of evil; we remember coming home from our books to a first love; ere the indications of adolescence were visible on our face, we loved, and were beloved.—“Happy day,”—she had improved so much in physique we saw at a glance, (how rapidly little girls do blush into womanhood,) but then her knowledge was limited, her course of reading confined to the Sunday school library of a country village, while we were fresh from a passable examination with all its attendant and repulsive boy manliness.—Polly, O Ciel! what a name—Pretty Polly—Parrot Polly, Poll; just think of such a name for a canzonet in the Clio or Palladium; it would be worse than Goldy’s epitaph in English—an unheard of atrocity.—Now Polly was at least in our eyes a classical divinity—

“A daughter of the Gods divinely tall
And most divinely fair”

And we determined she should have a Greek or Latin name, and an appropriate one too,—of course Grace was in all her steps, she was the poetry of motion embodied—we called her Terpsichore. At such baptism her face paled with emotion, and we saw by the back of her hand, that she had never conned Lempriere, and what right had we to insult her with our scholastic gammon and pedantry.—*Per se* the title was unobjectionable, had its birth in good intentions and was designed to convey a handsome and appropriate compliment; but because vague and incomprehensible, its

result was the reverse of its purpose, and the witness who could appreciate its aesthetic propriety, would be compelled to admit that it was, at least practically malapropos.

It appears therefore that there are circumstances under which it is unwise or injudicious to call things by their proper names, and in brief we believe such circumstances will govern for all time to come.—Why a significant title should be awarded or rejected as a term of contumely or reproach is unaccountable, save upon the hypothesis of ignorance, in which case, alike by those who tender, and those who reject, it is indeed a term appropriate and humiliating. Having dared this much, we would do more, and confess to an ardent longing for the time when there shall be more “men of one idea.” As the man who has a home however humble, better fulfills the requirements of social life and the design of the Creator, than the cosmopolite—so is the man of one idea, which is always a fixed purpose, better than he of a multitude, without a characteristic. Of the first, having a home, he holds, inhabits, and consequently adorns and beautifies it to the extent of his skill and ability; fixed in its place it grows day by day more wealthy in all that is worthy; for the tendency of all growth is towards perfection, and is it not to such conditions, habit and culture, that we are indebted for excellence in all our pursuits? A like argument holds good of the second,—because to have a hobby is an unmistakable evidence of sincerity of faith and settled opinion,—the grand arbiters of success, and for the want of which “the best laid schemes o’ mice and men gang a’ aglee.” Shifting and variable as the winds, restless and fluctuating as our fancies and passions,—stable opinions, only the result of deliberate and thorough conviction, may not be looked for until in our investigations of the problem-

atical we approximate more closely to the habits of the men of one idea. We have yet to learn that the honesty we parade before the world as our highest recommendation in commercial matters, is, in matters of opinion, the policy of ourself to ourself;—we are tired of nomadic thought, ever on the alert for the new controversy which is daily presented and only discussed for amusement sake, and of which we shall hear no more, nor feel its influence to-morrow, thus frittering away time and thought fruitlessly because we bring our efforts to no settled conclusion. This careless method of reasoning is extremely hazardous in the present, and will eventually strand us upon the shoals of error; our opinions are protean,—the characteristic is merged in the vague, until self knowledge the highest power of the individual, is lost in the mazes of doubt and uncertainty. In politics as in religion, and indeed everything else requiring honesty of research, and integrity of purpose, the man or men we know to-day as the occupants of some chosen locality will be elsewhere to-morrow, leaving no trace of past possession; what was significant praise of a man's varied accomplishments in days gone by, may now be applied to any other man as truly descriptive of his varied principles:

"He seemed to be——

Not one but all mankind's epitome."

Theorising incessantly, interpreting never, he will not await fulfilment of his auguries, which would surely come wherever "Thought hath wedded fact"—but embarks in pursuit of a new idea. This new idea may be better than the olden one 'tis true, but the chances are much more than equal that it may be worse.—In religion the same want of thorough conviction and its attendant desire for change is apparent; men leave one church on account of its approximation in form or feature to some other dreaded one; an old

idea, thence run thro' all the new ideas, yet fail to find a resting place; and the new idea of the day generally hurls them headlong into the very jaws from whence they fled. The conservative is sacrificed at the shrine of reform or innovation, a dead idol blasphemously deified as the spirit of progress. Prating of liberty and great achievement, we fill the heavens with acclaim, while Freedom from her starry height looks down upon us with painful pity—in all her counsels

"Turning to scorn, with lips divine,
The falsehood of extremes."

There is a fickleness of purpose evident in all undertakings which is but the natural result of indefinite reasoning and hastily adopted conclusions, and this in itself is fatal to any great achievement. To be successful, we must be sincere; to vanquish we must be vigilant and vigorous; but to reap the aftermath of victory is only vouchsafed to the man of patient travail and unwearied perseverance. In short the man of one idea, who pursues his purpose regardless of disturbing influences, and like a blood hound once upon the scent, may not be diverted or beguiled from his course. The achievements of all time have flowed directly from such agents, just as wealth is the offspring of industry and economy—although a chance ticket in a lottery may produce a like result.

We value the man of one idea because their convictions are sincere, and when a man's hobby is a noble and praiseworthy one, we delight to see him ventilate it thoroughly; but his idea must tend to the useful, as well as the ornamental—to the correction of error as well as the elucidation of truth—in short to the extirpation of vice, and the propagation of virtue. We may grow weary of the love poems of

Poetasters, and the reiterated witticisms of a would be pun-
gent press, but we do not weary of *In Memoriam*, because
to read it is to grow greater, nobler than before; and the
author gives us a valid reason for prolonging his magnifi-
cent epicedium :

"Behold ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never know the sacred dust ;
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

We are not apt to weary of a Wilberforce or his confreres
in their denunciations of human slavery,—nor do we show
impatience at the persistent *ex cathedras* of Jno. B. Gough
from his platform of one idea—because his purpose is wise
with heavenly wisdom, his motives, pure and incorrupt, are
worthy of our highest reverence. Florence Nightingale
went forth the benign evangel of one idea. In the Crimea
the mangled heroes kissed her shadow as she passed, and lo!
her sex has given thousands of worthy successors to the
carnage covered fields of America. Is the phrase a re-
proach? Howard remembered the forgotten! He yet
lives in the world's memory. If the man of one idea lives
to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God,
he is as far in advance of his critic of a multitude of ideas
as eternity to time.



THE QUAKER WIDOW.

AN ESSAY ON BAYARD TAYLOR'S POEM OF
"THE QUAKER WIDOW."



O get away from the hurry and rush, the din and ceaseless activity of great commercial marts, is to learn how intimate is the relationship of recreation and rest—that the thoroughfares we traverse in the city, in pursuit of pleasure, are foreign lines, tangential to the periphery of well ordered life. We invent pleasures, as we do economic machinery, and patent them, but they fail to furnish us with happiness; they are at best but mere automata, and while cherishing the toy, we vainly worship Gods fashioned by our own hands, to the neglect of one Creator, "in whose presence is fulness of joy, at whose right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Nor is it necessary we should wait for the consummation of all things that we may enjoy these pleasures. It is sufficient that we remove ourselves from the arena where mammon toils, ambition intrigues, and selfishness holds undisputed sway. To enjoy ourselves heartily, we must discard the artificial for the true, and forsake the conventicles of fashion for the temples of nature. An atmosphere of truth is as essential to our intellectual existence and enjoyments, as pure air is to physical life. Whether in cities closely pent or comparatively isolated on the wide campaign, we can only attain to our maximum of happiness, in an element of veracity. The truthfulness of a picture, portrait, landscape, battle piece, or what it may, will more surely secure our admiration, than its finish and ornament. But our tastes under

an injudicious course of training have become so fastidious and perverted, that even Truth must be garbed and draped in the prevailing style to make it presentable—the manner of thus clothing its color and texture are so various that we require the practised eye and individuality of experts, to recognize it in its manifold mutations of dress.

Like a change from the dusty and heated streets of the thronged city to the cool shades of quiet groves, "places that pale fashion loves," is it to meet with such a poem as Bayard Taylor has given us under the title of the "Quaker Widow." It is an escape from the sensational pleasure grounds and fashionable promenades of the literary dilettanti to fresh fields and pastures new where flowery meads and balmy airs and waving woods invite us to contemplative companionship, filling the mind with freshening thoughts or wooing the wearied and languid spirits to sweet repose. What a suggestive text it is? a subject so opulent of goodness and truth, and patient sorrow, silently subdued by faith in the unseen—so simple and so plain—the nude figure of Godvia "clothed on with chastity," needing no ornamentation, no tricks of fancy or puerile conceits as embellishments; in its native integrity to heaven, pure almost as angels are; in its responsibility to earth, faultless, and meriting the master's words, "well done."

Have we not seen a maiden—the bride. ~~See we not now~~ a woman—the wife. The first with April violets or a single white camelia on her brown hair—the second with a knot of odorous geranium, mignonette and purple pansies, trustful and sacred as love's troth, in her plighted hand. What or who is he, among that tribe of Bohemians who lead a life of single wretchedness, would fear to work out his natural destiny at the altar with such a woman as she? Would

that there were more such. Wooing with the purpose to wed, would then be the rule instead of the exception, to the manifest benefit of humankind. Cœlebs are numberless. And why? Let our strong minded women answer. If it be not, that without wealth they are unsuited to the matrimonial market—well enough to flirt with mayhap, but unfit to wed. Money is the chief qualification, and so we warp all our emotions into subjection, and utilise all our time and thoughts in the one sordid pursuit, while the crinoline of old maidendom increases its ample verge, and threatens to fill the earth. We would not decry old maids. In life there are positions suitable to their condition, and which they can better fill than any one else. But unfortunately the avenues thereto are well nigh blockaded with the multitude of applicants. We will leave this subject with that half unsexed sex, who have taken it under their peculiar care.

Return we pleasantly to our demure little Quakeress, "who would blush when he came near." Well, "the course of true love *never did* run smooth." There was a skeleton in her father's house—a darkening shadow on her path. But the question of wealth was not the source of this feeling of uneasiness and dread. The painful process of self-examination—the trial of the spirit, that told her she should go, lest her desire had unhappily misinterpreted the words—the deep concern of her father, too, would cause her to arm herself for the sore trial, should his decision prove adverse to her wishes. But when the mother appeals so fervently, "*The Lord incline thee to the right,*" the suffocating sense of pain is half removed and we are prepared for his reply. Nor wonder that she wept, when it was given:

"Indeed, t'was not the least of shocks,
For Benjamin was Hiccate, and Father orthodox."

We will give the widow's recollection of "the summer time that was" in her own words to her single hearted friend Hannah, who could so keenly sympathise with her feeling sentiments, for she "too had been a wife:"

"Come sit thee down, here is the bench where Benjamin would sit,
On Firstday afternoon in spring, and watch the swallows flit;
He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant bees,
Go humming round the lilacs, and through the apple trees.
I think he loved the Spring, not that he cared for flowers, most men
Think such things foolishness,—but we were first acquainted then.
One Spring; the next he spoke his mind; the next I was his wife,
And in the Spring, it happened so, our children entered life.
He was but seventy-five, I did not think to lay him yet
In Kennet graveyard, where at monthly meeting first we met;
The Father's mercy shows in this, 'tis better I should be
Picked out to bear the heavy cross alone in age, than he."

The unapproachable Shakspeare only could pen a better homily on human love than this—a love that leads us as if by a pathway of enchantment to the temple of truth, but into which no lover may enter until his affections are purged from all the grosser passionial attractions, and purified, and

perfumed in the courts of virtue. The spring-time is very beautiful, with its sprouting leaves and buds of promise opening so hopefully in obedience to the season's law; at all times very grateful to us, it is here, apart from its own loveliness, invested with another charm, and sanctified to memory—

What a delectable history hath this nameless widow. The plain unvarnished record of a commonplace life—but what a life?—animate with innocence, irradiated with benison and charity, and supernal with benign holiness and love; clinging to earth—for to the pure all things are pure—and this earth is wonderful fair and beautiful to such as she—yet failing not to remember the legitimate objects of a mother's fond affection.

“For Benjamin hath two in Heaven, while two are left with me.”

In our reverent record, we would name her Naomi, for very pleasant have been our musings of her,—but shall we? No! for the Lord hath dealt very bitterly with her; she is a widow,—and Marah is the title of most apt significance, but not the title she solicits or the poet awards. We leave it as it is. A name would neither contribute to, nor detract the ineffable fragrance of her personality.—Enough for us to know that she is indeed a daughter of consolation; of the same parentage, we claim her as of our kith and kin; and although the relationship be somewhat remote, there is pleasure in the pretension. Besides, is it not of our credenda, that “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;” and in her unassuming character how manifold are these touches of nature, and how true. Let us seek her better acquaintance, her presence and her soothing words. Our words may, and should be few.—We will take her by the hand, and in its return pressure we will learn that life is a

precious boon—is very good—and that men and women may be, and are, good too. But stay a moment for the poet Wordsworth's words of caution and advice:

"You must love her, ere to you she shall seem worthy of your love."

We do not intrude too early upon her lonely grief, for days if not weeks or months, have elapsed since the staid funeral procession passed out through the front gate of the tidy garden, bearing with it the body of her *Benjamin*, the widow's strong right hand—bruised not broken; for her fifty years of wedded life, doubtless with its many cares and frets, only to be overcome by rigid self-denial and saintly patience, have passed like one long day—a quiet sabbath of the heart. Yes, bruised not broken—for memory dies not, and grief is sweetened with many happy remembrances. Surely there is comfort and strength to be gathered by retrospection, and she is a diligent seeker of those sweets—in her own words:

"And as we bring from meeting-time, a sweet contentment home,
So, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come."

Happy indeed are they whose experience of life is rich enough to furnish such rare wealth—an immutable treasure of joy vested securely in its possessor, which the world cannot give, neither take away. Would that the devotees who worship at the shrine of fashionable belles, might get knowledge and understanding from a narration of the Quaker widow's love. She too has been admired, and would have added to the graces of a meek and gentle spirit the outward adornings of dress and plaiting of hair and wearing of gold, or putting on of apparel and finery. Vanity and selfishness, however, can have but a brief tenure of existence in that atmosphere aromatic of truth and tenderness which broods so pensively around the Quaker's simple home. How art-

less is the candid confession of her innocent vanity :

"Would thee believe it, Hannah, once I felt temptation nigh;
My wedding gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste,
I wanted lace around the neck and a ribbon at the waist."

How much closer this recital brings us to the object of our love. The little quakeress is mortal, fashioned like as we are, and herein is the chief secret of her fascination. This trait casts upon her the full splendor of meridian sunshine but to reveal her wondrous symmetry of figure and feature—to exhibit the bride sensitive and, anxious to please, but whom? The one—the *best beloved of her heart*, but let us read on :

"How strange it seemed to sit with him, upon the women's side,
I did not dare to lift my eyes, I felt more fear than pride,
Till "in the presence of the Lord" he said, and then there came
A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

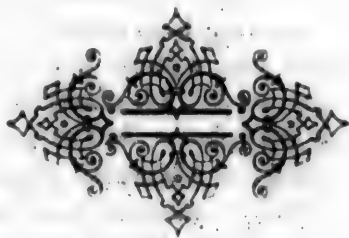
"We were first acquainted then."

And what a prolific source of happiness it becomes thereby. When the streams begin to chatter to the pebbles, and the south wind blows upon the garden, and the drowsy god of day awakens to animation and flames higher and yet higher towards the zenith, and the swallow twitters in the eaves, and promise and fulfilment walk hand in hand. And with them comes a train of recollections so rich with pleasant hopes and fond imaginings,—the monthly meeting with its substantial passions, and exalted hopes, and a first love—a Benjamin; and then the "Come unto my bosom love, like a white and shining dream;" and now the crowning joy, there comes the little daughter Ruth. So all things are fulfilled. Meet is it she should thus be heralded by "all things that fairest be"—the first born, who was with the winning ways of innocence to transform an abiding place into a home—daughter Ruth—standing at the gates, the

heritage of home's affections, and in her presence, *Lionel's* young dream is sanctified.

Of the merits of this brief poem as a poetical composition, we have as yet said nothing, although we consider it a brochure of much literary excellence. Byron says that "Critics all are ready made," and we accept his dicta most unhesitatingly; for we are not of the tribe. But this much we will venture to say,—that a poem which prompts us with all readiness of mind to accept a belief in the existence of so much virtue, in a world where we see so much sin, is surely destined to live long and with a beneficial tendency. If it be not a great poem, it at least possesses one of the requisites of greatness—it is good. The rigid simplicity and close adherence to truth maintained throughout its entirety, is certainly appropriate to the subject; although giving it the air or semblance of a matter-of-fact narration to common men, rather than a sensuous chant inspired by the tuneful nine, and dedicated to the worshippers who have been trained in their temple. And yet to me it has all the melody of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June. The moral and truthful elements are prominent, and to blend these two harmoniously is surely the province of the poet—and here it is done. To a critical eye it may appear as an available skeleton, admirably adapted to receive the graceful elaboration of poetic fancies; but every ornament thus added, we apprehend, will be found to detract from its beauty as well as to destroy its character—even as the laces and ribbons of the modern milliner would so ill become the quiet quakeress herself. To read it and find it to be ever a new delight, is one of the best evidences of its merit; it is more—it is also an evidence that the reader is educating himself in the best manner possible; for thus to read is to

grow wiser and better; which is after all the true end of all education. Perhaps, after all, our admiration of it is due not so much to any merit it may possess as a poem, as to its capacity to strengthen and enlighten us in memory. In the whirl of materialism, and the hum of new lights, and theological innovations, with which the age is rife, we greet its teachings with a warm satisfaction and cling to its almost obsolete utterings with a refreshed sense of security. It does so much to bring back the unquestionable and hopeful faith of childhood—the meeting house where the Bible was the only rule of faith and guide for practice, and every word, nay even letter therein, was undeniably true and beyond all controversy. Uplift the windows in that little meeting house—for it is full of devout worshippers—that the fragrance of clover meadows may come in with the wind, turning over the leaves of the books in the window as if to waken song—and there is no doubt there that Christ died and arose again. And so aided by the quaker widow, we drift out into the past with a determination to be stronger than ever when we wake from our reverie, for she hath led us gently back to mother, Home and Heaven.



ECHO TO THE VOICE OF "A LITTLE MAID."



MY window overlooking the street, I am arrested by the melody of childish voices, and peeping out I observe, on the opposite pavement, two little children, apparently brother and sister; the elder of the pair, the boy, is in advance of the little girl who is hastening after him, and crying out, "Charlie, why don't you wait for your little sister?" But Charlie appears to be a pretty fast juvenile, and is using all expedition to make the playground in good time, and so anxious is he with the prospect of *fine fun*, that he is quite regardless, and replies not, to the moving petition of what must be his *dear little sister*. An ugly, abrupt corner of the street has hidden the children from my view, but although they have disappeared, their words linger with me yet, and memory is moving with the recollections of youth. Again am I, with a shout of triumph urging on my hoop at a fancied railroad speed, or mounted on a straight stick, nicely bent at one end, leaping over stones and ditches, in fact every little obstruction I can find, and which I magnify into a mountain; and when I perform the glorious, because unequalled feat of clearing both shafts of the cart at a single bound, and mind you, without touching them either, I feel as wild a joy as did Alexander when he tamed the fierce and dreaded Bucephalus; but turning from such great and scholar-like things as Alexander and his historical steed, I am out in the sweetly scented meadow, playing amid buttercups, and chamomiles, loving the wild rose tree with its red and white flowers, ere I had been forced into a dul'

knowledge of the houses of York and Lancaster,—or attracted by the tappings of that little soldier drummer, the red headed woodpecker, my soul is fired with martial ardour, and striking the heads from the thistles in my path, I have become a conquering hero,—like whom? Napoleon, of course, for his name is a household word, and besides he was not much bigger than I,—that is when I stand on tip-toe, which I do frequently, and thus my thoughts would change with ever shifting scenes around me, and oh! how rapidly. Perhaps the meadow lark springing from my very feet, would rise on fluttering wing, filling my ear with its rich rapturous song, and watching it in its upward flight, even then, would I see it

"Float and run,

Like an embodied joy whose race has just begun."

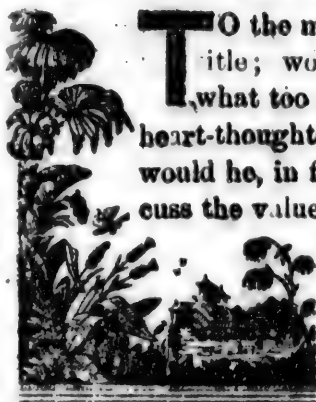
But I must check my wanton thoughts, or be lost in the fairy realms of fancy, and although this would be very pleasant, the pushing utilitarian spirit of the times demand that I dream not in the sunlight, and if I dream at all, that I do so only during the few short hours allotted to tired nature's sweet restorer,—sleep. The imaginative would think this very hard, but if I sorrow, the evanishing of my day dreams then hath experience taught in vain, for how often have I toyed with fancy until too late for business, and then the real knocks against me severely. Ah, yes, though life be visionary and fleeting, it is also during its little space, full of reality, and therefore I would not forget Charlie and his little sister. Gladly would I watch Charlie joying him in his success at a well contested game of marbles, even joining him if I had time; for then would he be more apt to listen and remember, when I said he should have waited for his sister; but more gladly still would I

whisper in her ear, that thoughtless life has many disappointments, and if a brother will not hear nor answer, there "is one that sticketh closer than a brother," and whose willing and attentive "ear is open to our cry." Thus hath the words of the little sister influenced my thoughts, and now, if she will turn to the 5th chapter of the second book of Kings, she will see how the words of a little Israelitish captive did much greater things. How pleasant to think that the words of "a little maid" may soothe a weary heart, or become to an erring wanderer, the potent sesame that will throw wide open the hitherto inflexible gates of the New Jerusalem.



OLD SONGS.

—3—
 "Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer."—H. W. LONGFELLOW.



TO the many interested, what a fascinating title; would that the pen of Persolus were, what too evidently it is not, the exponent of heart-thoughts burnished into beauty, for then would he, in fitting and appropriate terms, discuss the value and merits of his subject. Oh, there is a rich joy in an old song, an undefinable power, that moves men's hearts as quietly and irresistibly as doth pale Cynthia move the billows of the sea. How exquisite the agitation, how impassioned the feeling, excited by its simplest strain! Who is, or rather let me ask, who can be insensible to its magic power? There may be a few such; I am glad there are but few, for I must endorse the philosophy of our great poet, vide the "Merchant of Venice"—Lorenzo to Jessica:—

"The motions of his spirit are dull as night
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted."

Here is an inadvertent hint to the ———, but 'tis dangerous, so I say, to the public.

A modern political essayist of considerable celebrity observes, "That a country without a national poetry, proves its hopeless dullness or its utter provincialism." The sentiment is just and incontrovertible. What breast, catching the spirit of "The Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," would not beat

with a higher impulse, or come and go feverishly, awakened by "Savourna Deelish," or "Will ye gang to the ewe buchts, Marion." Think how much the simplest little song contributes to the comfort and enjoyments of the household hearth, and then know that patriotism grows much deeper and more luxurantly in a happy home than elsewhere. Is it not to the happy homes, smiling beneath Christian sway, that our good Victoria is indebted for the stalwart arms and willing hearts who bear her meteor flag triumphantly over land and sea? Oh yes, old songs are valuable—in our experience blending harmoniously the ideal with the practical. Rude may be their language and common-place their thoughts; they may want the refinement of a classic fraternity, or to us fantastic moderns present themselves in the most wretched doggerel, and yet how soon do we submit to the influence of their long-neglected but now well-remembered burthens; and even bad rhythm and dissonant metre ceases to grate harshly on our sensitive ears, and we regard them not, for we have found a *soul*, and this hides the most obvious deformities—a soul of whose former knowledge we have a faint remembrance, and whose beauty is the more celestial, because that on the freshly plumed pinions of youthful fancy it comes to us winging its way from out the storied past. Our old Irish and Scotch songs do I love the best, for I find in them a fervor of emotion, coupled with simplicity of thought, a most invariable consideration, for which I seek fruitlessly in the Arias and Ariasos of our present fashionable and heartless music.

I would like to have indulged in numerous quotations, but refrain, knowing how unjust it is to excite desire and fail to gratify; and it would but mar the beauty of such songs as "Peggy Bhan," or "Lassie wi' the lint white locks,"

to separate their closely wedded lines, nor could I choose, by reason of the very amplitude of my material, I cannot, and how useless to dissertate on "Aileen Aroon," or Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me?" These are but a feeble index to the many crowding on my attention which I cannot now give; but ere I drop my pen, hear the spiritual Wordsworth; 'tis a fitting finale—

"Sing aloud

Old songs, the precious music of the heart."



LOVE.

"It is decreed by Heaven above,
That soon or late we all must love."

THERE is something, I suppose a guardian angel, whispering me *Beware*; but then, I am safely chambered in the quietness of my room, and; therefore, whence the danger? I can sit here comparatively free from trembling, and fancy I see bright eyes flashing, and lily hands clutching with a keen energy the *Maple Leaf*. Ah, Love!

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above."

A potent word is love. To the affected 'tis not only a definition to every word in the vocabulary of our language, but it also gives a "local habitation and a name" to those otherwise inexplicable thoughts and emotions that burn in the breast of every Adam, when he cries aloud—

"Return fair Eve,

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim—
My other half."

When first this fair earth began its course, there was everything to love, and nothing to hate, consequently the earliest or most ancient historic records gives due precedence to love as the first acknowledged or noted mental passion. With this graceful and profound exordium, I once essayed a brilliant and philosophic speech before the members of a very respectable club; but alas, the myrtle was beyond my reach, for *she* was there, and thus were my searching arguments and polished peroration lost, forever lost. How could it be otherwise? Some person has written that

"The mail-clad warrior trembles, in her presence, like a child."

And, although I am not aware that a real mail-clad warrior ever woo'd *her*, I have often seen strapping militia-men turn pale and tremble nervously, when in her presence. Their "mighty swords," forgetting all grace and dignity, would dangle foolishly, placing the wearer in every possible awkward "fix" and uncouth attitude. Though but a glance, it gave to the sunbrowned face a deeper tinge, streaking the cheeks with a changing white and blue, making even the ears a transparent crimson, softened the hand, hard with toil, and made it keenly sensitive to those tickling little fingers, that would find their way through the knottiest beard, and laid upon your eyelids, would weigh them down so gently, yet with unequalled power.

Dipping my pen I purposed the expression of individual thought, but so overwhelming is the rush of thought already written, that of necessity I yield, and doffing the spangled and attractive garb of the "lion," am well content to don a less showy costume, while I perform the humble duties of sceneshifter to a few of the "greater lights" who are, with your kind permission, to tread the stage. The bell rings, and the curtain slowly rolling upwards, reveals a poet of olden time, our first great artist, the musical Spenser, and whom I beg to introduce with a stanza from Barry Cornwall, the poet of the heart; 'twill do for the prologue.

"Love the poet, pretty one,
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,
Lessons of earth and sun—
And of azure air."

Spenser has but little to say, but will say that little as few others could.

"O sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living breasts, kindled first above,
Amongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence poured into men, which men call love.

"Tis that sweet fit which does true beauty love,
And chooseth virtue for its dearest dame.
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame."

Circumscribed as are my limits, I should not, but must
quote from him again, this for the

"Forsaken woful solitary maid."

It is the passionate language of "Una."

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him pricked with pity of my sad estate;
But he my lion and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhor'd."

Many will find these lines difficult to read; but those who
are well acquainted with the particular speed, and at other
times apparent sluggishness, of *Christabel*, will be able to
read and feel the presence of a spirit almost divine.

But here is something which the majority will like much
better, 'tis from Marlowe. He, too, had tasted love, the keen
appreciative love of a poet; for when Faustus summons
Helen, he speaks as love could only prompt:

"Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss—
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again,
Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips—
And all is dross that is not Helena."

Oh thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

I think these lines exquisite; they insensibly lead one to
Coleridge's "broad breasted old oak tree," inducing the same
feeling.

"I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,—
Beautiful exceedingly."

The dreariest days may darken, clothing life with gloom, but every day is not a dark one. These changes are but temporary, and are by the wise, patiently born. I have met many who could not endure the slightest cross in love, although 'tis as true in this case as in any other, that those who would wear the crown, must first learn to bear the cross. That, love may be "a re-delight," "a labyrinth of doubts," or as many other things, vexatious and painful, as the always experimenting little beauty may choose to make it; but as was said long ago, who does not say now.

"Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge her in my heart."

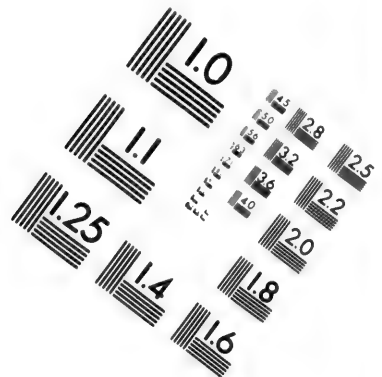
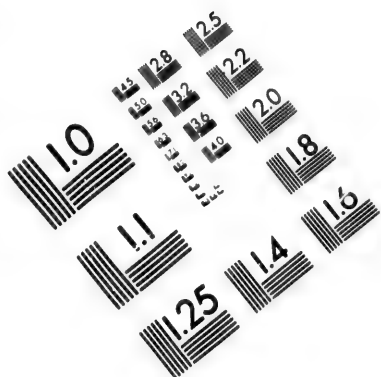
I think just now, that the best illustration we have of love is from the universal pen of "Will, of Avon."

"When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms:
Pray so, and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other faction; each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crown what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens."

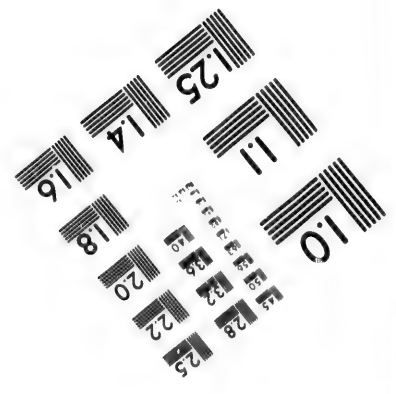
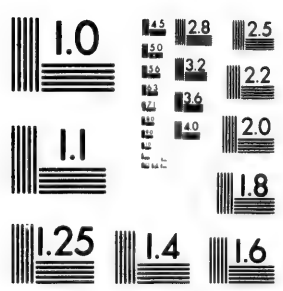
The chief charm of love is constancy, and those who fancy that love "may fly like a bird from tree to tree," will experience the most bitter disappointment. A wanton fancy never knew those

"Hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long."

That "ocean life" on which all young lovers are embarked, can never prove a "sunless sea," if they do but love faithfully; if false, then must all order and beauty perish, for "Chaos is come again."



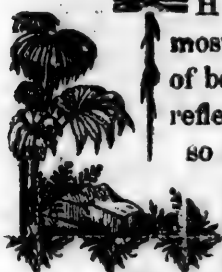
**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



28
25
22
20

10

NEWSPAPER POETRY.



HE "unhappy Keats," and by the way, a most excellent authority—hath said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and it is a pleasant reflection that but a moiety of our race are so thoroughly of the earth, earthy, as to deny the sentiment its just attributes of Poetry and Truth. As we deem it unnecessary to demonstrate that whatsoever deity pronounces good, must inevitably, to us poor pensioners of an hour, be at once both good and wonderful fair, we shall consider our postulate, the words of Keats, as granted. Although he speaks for himself only, he speaks as man should speak, whilst we, who endure, struggle, and perchance, suffer, tho' it be long years after that premature period, when his living voice lapsed into the undistinguishable whisperings preceeding death, yet readily recognize in these low whisperings the concert pitch—the key note, as it were, to those divinely implanted melodies and self-moving thoughts which we had fancied were our own inheritance. The spirit of beauty, then, may be considered universal; it lurks within or glows without all the works of the Great Creator, be they animate or inert, and if so, do we use too wide a latitude of expression in terming it, the primal essence of nature—the wonderworking but indubitable soul of the universe? We trow not. Shakspeare himself, but utters an analagous truth when he bids us, "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Here we have the universality of poetical emotion plainly enunciated, and the source from whence inspiration flows, and by which such emotions are nourished, is plainly indicated.

It is to nature we must go, and happily, there is a condition precedent in human nature, generally which leads us thither. If then the spirit of beauty is but the omnipresence of nature, and all mankind are susceptible of its refining influences and subject, as bound with silken cords, to its imperial sway, it follows that many may, certainly, many will, strive to give it an embodiment. The more impressible, impulsive and enthusiastic spirits will surely endeavor to give this "Airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," and as there will be found so great a diversity of taste, talent and genius, it is but a natural sequence, that the resultants of these attempts should be equally diversified. Art and skill, fancy and imagination, are all brought into requisition to aid in the developement of each man's conceptions or ideal of the beautiful. The painter patiently blending his colors, his life a continual study of perspective, light and shade; the musician whose life is but a waking dream of harmony, whose plodding practice gives him that skillful manipulation and thorough mastery of his instruments, which enable him to wake on earth such sounds as roll in heaven—"where all the hosts sing hallelujahs as the sound of seas." These are indeed worthy, and of the highest representatives of art, but their achievements, though magnificent, are expensive, and consequently confined to a comparative few. Not so with him of etherial organization, and finely attempered soul, who, kissing with reverent lips the poet's shell, "awakes to ecstasy the living lyre," whose fervid utterances and majestic words go sounding down the corridors of time. No lapse of years or change of tastes or creeds may exert a baleful influence on him; he sits upon a throne whose basis is stability; whose towering shaft is strength; whose capital is but the coronal of beauty.

The opinion is prevalent that the present age is unduly prolific of poets and poetasters; in one sense this opinion is incontrovertable, in another it is fairly assailable, as we shall see. That we have more poets and poetry, good bad and indifferent, in this, than any preceding age, may well be questioned, for will it not be readily admitted that the tendency of the present age is, not to write poetry, but to make money. Get money honestly if thou canst, but get money! Every energy is bent in this direction, every nerve is strained, and every faculty occupied in this one engrossing pursuit. Man is becoming as much a piece of utilitarian mechanism as his steam engines or sewing machines. Utility is the watchword of the age; give us speed and power.

The half-breached boy of yesterday will be the mature man, the money grubber of to-morrow; that infantile specimen of femininity of yesterday will never wear the tucked skirt and pianfore of days gone by. She was born to a long dress; it is her inheritance and she will not discard it, but becomes the child-wife of to-morrow, nursing not a doll, but a—we know not what to call it unless it be by some strange means a moral and legitimate matricid.

It is thus in everything—the face of nature undergoes a change the picturesque and romantic, is overlaid with the money producing practical, either stupidly ignorant or utterly regardless of the principle faintly limned in the olden artist's line of beauty. Engineers go out, followed by long trains of picks and shovels, draw their straight lines reckless of nature's curves and mar, where they do not wholly obliterate, her handiwork, in the site of this very city, overlaying the poetry of nature with a highway for the materialism of traffic.

In social life, too, there is a continual rush and hurry and contention, and chiefly for mercenary ends. All homage is paid to gold, and the spirit of beauty is wooed with the sordid bribe, worshipped and won and worn by mammon; and surely of all the essence of nature, none are more diverse or antagonistic to each other than they.

To-day we have the sacrifices of conscience; the sale of integrity and reputation for coin, where formerly we had the motto of the hale though hoar old Baron, handed down from sire to son: *Malo mori quam foedari*. Most assuredly the age is wanting, and notwithstanding the hosts of poetsasters, deficient in many of the essential elements favorable to the production of song. May it not be fairly inferred then, that it is not from any peculiar fitness of the age that this plethora of poetry and rhyme takes its rise. Rather let us look for it in the wonderful facilities offered for its exhibition by the modern appliances of types and steam.

The lover of the olden time chanted his lyric in the ear of the loved one and there his hymn of praise terminated. It was not for lack of the poetic fervor and passion, but for want of any accessible and sufficient means of preserving for posterity "the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; that earlier ages have been more sterile of song than this. Then many a true born son of genius, fired with the divine afflatus, paid worthy adoration at the shrine of the spirit of beauty, whose strains could live but for that time and are now beyond recall, even as the odor of the floweret 'born to bloom unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

It is to the printing press, then, we owe this redundancy of rhythm, this superabundance of rhyme without reason, "the brood of folly without father bred." But let us not

censure the press, for if it does occasionally overwhelm us with puling philanderings and mawkish,—aye, maudlin, sentiments, the offspring of morbid fancies, dyspepsia, or an excess of vitiated bile, it also gives what had else been unknown; the passionate utterance of genius, who sentences have the orderly tread, the stately bearing, and the significant evidences of power which we see upon a field day in the manœuvres of well-disciplined battalions. California first gained notoriety as the land of gold, and by many it was deemed the clime of reckless men and demon sins. It was, indeed, the *El Dorado par excellence* of the known world, and the root of all evil was the spontaneous product of its soil, but at once when terror, dismay, and death swept through the older states of the republic, she emerged from the shadow of questionable fame into the full radiance of honor and renown; her proud title now, the land of munificent charities, the lavish almoner of bounties unparalleled in history.

Judging, from a very slight acquaintance, it is true, we nevertheless believe that California will have a poet—existence as a land of song. That the "vision and the faculty divine," is to be found here and in rich leads even the ephemeral pages of the daily press bear ample testimony. In our brief sojourn we have learned of many who touch the lyre with skilful hands, winning from the but recently attuned strings, melodies worthy of admiration, and although they be but waifs upon the sea of literature, worthy of painstaking preservation, but still more valuable, as the evidences or indications of what may be.

Of this class of fugitive lyrics, Mr. F. B. HARRIS'S *estrays* undoubtedly take the first rank; his battle-pieces glow with a chivalric enthusiasm, and the rhythmical harmony of

their numbers reveals the consummate artist as forcibly as their design and finish point out the author as a man of exquisite taste and scholarly attainments. Confessing the vigor and symmetry of, probably, his most widely known effusions, The "Goddess," and "The Reveille"—the "Battle Autumn" which we assume to be from his pen, is in style and mode of treatment a more promising evidence of the author's capability to occupy a distinguished position in the world of letters than either of the others. Having described the gathering in of the harvest, that happiest season of all the year—he effects an easy transition appropriate to the time, from the fruits of the farmers' field—to the terrible spoils of the battle-field, or "the harvest of death"—

But when the clouds hang dark and low,
And bird and bee no longer roam—
And long before the pitying snow
To bury the dead leaves shall come,
We'll call another harvest home.

We'll call that harvest last and best,
The warrior reaper reaps by chance—
The broken hope—the shattered crest—
The terrible hand—the quenching glance.
That heap the creeping ambulance,

What an exquisite delineation of November have we here? True, it is but a picture in outline, but the master-hand of art has touched the salient points of the season, and that which else was vague and nondescript is, by the subtle pencil point, lefty transformed into the beautiful and known. How pleasant, too, and how soothing is the apt conceit that the snow comes so softly to bury the gay garlands of the summer's court; and who, a witness to such pitying burial, could harbor unbelief in Easter? Nor can he fail to apply the self-same thoughts to the carnage covered field of contest. We know that the dead leaves will have a

glorious resurrection ; over the other dead, our fallen brave, may we not write, *Resurgam* ! What a portraiture of suffering and sorrow have we in the many-voiced line :

"That heap the creeping ambulance."

The expression is truly felicitous. They are many, but the progressive movement of the utterance is gentle as the creeping ambulance, as gentle as may be ; for of the wounded there is hope, and of their comrades on the battle-field there is hope also.

Dulo et decorum est pro patria mori.

Perhaps the "Song of the Flume," by Mrs. M. A. Schulz, is worthiest of second place mention. We select it also as forming the most striking contrast with Mr. Harto's poems, which have all the pomp, pageantry and circumstance of glorious war to add to their imposing presence, whereas this is devoted to the more demure spirit of peace ; and, as a less enticing and suggestive subject for poetical treatment, exhibits not so much skill (though by no means inartistic,) as an exuberant fancy, feeding itself on happy, joyous thoughts, finding expressions in harmony with themselves, and forming, in truth ; a picture of aquafuens bound, and subjected to the master spirit of the age—

"Put money in thy purse,"

With much felicity of versification, however, she prunes the desire for gold of its most repulsive features—selfishness—shrewdly turning the desire for wealth into a praiseworthy channel :

Mine is no stern and warrior's march,
No stormy tramp and drum ;
No banners & oars in my darkened stream,
As with conquering steps I come ;
But I touch the tributary earth
Till it owns a monarch's sway,
And with eager hand, from a conquered land,
I bear its wealth away.

Awake! Awake! there are loving hearts
In the land you left afar!
There are tearful eyes in the homes you prize,
As they gaze on the western star.
Then up from the valley, up from the hill!
Up from the river's side!
For I come with a gush and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide."

Even the most facile of versifiers occasionally find themselves trammelled by the imperious laws of rhyme, but Mrs. Schulz reduplicates hers, as if in the very wantonness of her ability. Her words flow freely, as the stream itself, from the "far Sierras' height." As the stream she pictures will lose its rollicking tones when it has reached the lower lands—here whispering to the pebbles—(old acquaintances, mayhap, who have traveled from the mountain's crest)—anon moaning amid the green tules of alluvial flats, the home of the solitary bittern, the burial-place of sadness, pass we to a little poem, entitled "Unrest," by Ina, who writes under the inspiration of sad experience, it is averred, and we cannot pay her low, sad monologue a better compliment than to say, who can doubt it?

O weary hours, wilt never bring the day?
Far out into the dripping night I gaze,
Where from the wind-vexed water of the bay
The white-sailed ships loom, ghost-like, thro' the haze.
So dark, so drear, so desolate it seems
Unto my tutored fancy, that I yearn
For the glad glow of morning to return,
And light and labor end these waking dreams;
For slumber comes not, and I long for rest—
Rest—rest—for weary heart and soul and brain!
I can no longer bear within my breast
This paralysing weight of grief and pain!
Rest—never more to wait or to weep!
Alas! where is it—save beneath the sod?
Earth hath no peace nor pleasure! Ah, my God!

We commiserate her unhappiness, for we too have sorrowed and suffered from disquietude, but she is in this re-

spect, but on a par with her fellow singers, the great majority of whom have learned in suffering what they teach in song. While we admit the touching pathos and sensibility that breathes from out the poem, we think with all due deference to its authoress, that it would have caught another grace had its sadness been irradiated with the Christian's hope, for such hope is accessible, then indeed she would have shone resplendently in that higher station of womanhood, that resting place for faith and hope, "Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

We know not if this be the only effusion Ina has committed to the keeping of printer's ink, and we believe that in a different mood of mind she is capable of producing a much more pleasing, if not a wholly better poem than this, because to do so she has but to lay her intellectual treasures at the low footstool of the crucified.

Our next expert is anonymous, but if not very much mistaken it also is from a woman's pen. It is not an ambitious effort, being merely the suggestions and description of a summer afternoon, such as any one may experience to advantage from any of the heights in this city during July and August. It is written in a very pleasing manner; wherein descriptive it is wonderfully true to nature, and although the subject is a chilling one, the author has given it a coloring of warmth by the use of the very element of which as we before remarked Ina's sad monologue is deficient.

The orthodox faith once was, that the poets were the special ambassadors of heaven, and were revered accordingly as those who enjoyed intimate communion, if not direct association, with the gods, and it is one of the merits of the poem that it leads the reader in that direction, inducing the elevated thoughts that appertain to things saintly.

And very appropos to this sentiment are those stanzas of Frank Soule "To the Rain," which are well entitled to the description of the beguilar in Coleridge's *Christabel*—as "beautiful exceedingly." Although it must be familiar as household words to all Californians we cannot forbear to quote the closing stanza:

The rain that whispers as it falls,
 And from the freshest sod,
 I come in answer to your prayers
 The messenger of God.
 The silver rain—the golden rain—
 The pure and pearly rain
 That scatters blessings on the hills
 And sifts them o'er the plain.

What shall we say of it? What can we say of it, but that it is a gem; pure, translucent, beneficent, and heaven-born as its subject.—"Truly a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" its loveliness increases; it will never fade into nothingness.

But this paper is assuming undue proportions, altho' as yet we are but in the porch of the temple dedicated to song at some future time, we may enter its long-drawn aisles and reverently view the fretted vault, until when we have done.



TO NELLIE.

NELLIE came, and like an angel
 Sweetly smiling look'd at me—
 O my soul, how deeply wert thou
 Plunged in love's unfathom'd sea.

As the star of evening brightly
 Beaming in the darkened air—
 So she shone a peerless beauty
 Queen unrivall'd—pure and fair.

And I felt—but what avails it
 Now to mention what I feel—
 Nellie came and Nellie vanish'd—
 None, thy wound, and heart, can heal.

Nellie, Nellie, wherefore didst thou
 Come to breathe into my ear
 Those sweet notes which I may never,
 Never more delighted hear.

Nellie, Nellie, wherefore didst thou
 Ever shine resplendent here;
 Thou hast left me sad and lonely—
 Thou hast left all dark and drear.

Nellie, Nellie, wherefore didst thou
 Leave my heart so ill at ease—
 O return, my angel Nellie—
 Come and give me rest and peace.

LEON.

M A R Y .

I KNOW a maiden in the bloom of youth,
 Upon whose cheeks the laughing dimples play;
 Her heart is all sincerity and truth;
 I love her for her gentle winning way.

And often when the busy day has died,
 And stars begin with feeble ray to shine,
 Her airy presence near me seems to glide,
 And brings quick throbbings to this heart
 of mine.

When the faint summer winds breathe soft and
 low,
 Her gentle, dovelike voice I seem to hear,
 Bringing again in its melodious flow,
 The memory of those hours when she was near.

O memory ! how priceless are the stores,
 Lodged in the chambers of the past by thee—
 More precious are they than the richest ores
 Brought by the mariner across the sea.

And why ? Because the fairy form there lives
 Of her I love, and she is dearer far
 Than all the joy earth's treasure ever gives—
 Of brighter beauty than yon beaming star.

But oh ! the vision dream-like fades away
 When to my breast I seek to clasp my fair—
 Just as the sunlight, at the close of day,
 Adown the West, sinks into darkened air.

Would that she were, in very truth, mine own,
To press upon my brow the soft warm kiss!
Not in the dreams of memory alone—

These bring but faint and unsubstantial bliss—

~~These bring but faint and unsubstantial bliss—~~

But with the living touch and beating heart—

The living form to fold within my arms;

Then would I bid all doubt and care depart,

And fearless scoff at jealousy's alarms.

~~And fearless scoff at jealousy's alarms.~~

LEON.



CONTENTS.

PART I.

Introduction.....	Page 3
A Rural Muse.....	5
Lines Humbly Inscribed to the Literary Characters of the Hill.....	15
To Solitude.....	17
Mediocrity.....	22
The Close of Life.....	26
My Cottage Home.....	27
A Review of the Operations of the British and For- eign Bible Society.....	30
The Mourner.....	32
Ode to Truth.....	35
The Irish Emigrant to his lover.....	37
The worth of Souls.....	39
Church Living.....	40
Elegaic Stanzas on the late William Hood, &c.....	41
Inscribed to Miss J. D. C., Belfast.....	43
To the Infant Daughter of a Friend.....	44
Reflections.....	46
The House of God	48
To Julia.....	51
The Suicide.....	53
Training or Military Honors in Canada.....	56
Life.....	57
Reflections on leaving home.....	59
The Foresters' Epistle.....	61
The Grave of little Samuel.....	63
To.....	64
Sacred to the memory of the late M ^s . Neil Stewart	66

Lines addressed to Miss E. C., &c.....	69
Let them come if they dare.....	71
The voice of Summer.....	73
The fall of a leaf in June.....	75
Lines to Mrs. Margaret Dixon McDougall.....	77
The Launch.....	78
Written for the second year of <i>the Economist</i>	79
Stanzas &c.....	82
Thoughts.....	84
Sonnet.....	86
An Epicede.....	87
Address &c.....	89
A Letter.....	93

PART II.

Lines.....	99
Sleeps.....	100
Charade.....	102
Charade.....	103
Charade.....	105
Musings at Eventide.....	106
To Edla.....	108
Impromptu.....	109
Delirantis Somnium.....	110
Improvisatory.....	113
Retrospective.....	115
To the Month.....	116
Funeral Dirge.....	117
Memini Locum.....	118
Sonnet.....	120
Adios Por Sempre.....	121
Waiting.....	123

CONTENTS.

199

A Dirge.....	124
To Zoe of Zea.....	126
Sonnet to Florence Nightingale.....	127
Alone.....	128
A Doggerel Drinking Song.....	129
In Exile.....	131
Ode.....	133
Our Insignia.....	135
Alma.....	137
To Ophelia.....	138
1858.....	139
To Mdlle Laura B——.....	140
Musings.....	141
To November.....	143
An Afternoon at Leisure.....	145
Answer the Cabman.....	151
Nitimur Spo.....	153
The Ships.....	155
Men of One Idea.....	158
The Quaker Widow.....	165
Echo to the voice of a Little Maid.....	174
Old Songs.....	177
Love.....	180
Newspaper Poetry.....	184
To Nellie.....	194
Mary.....	195

